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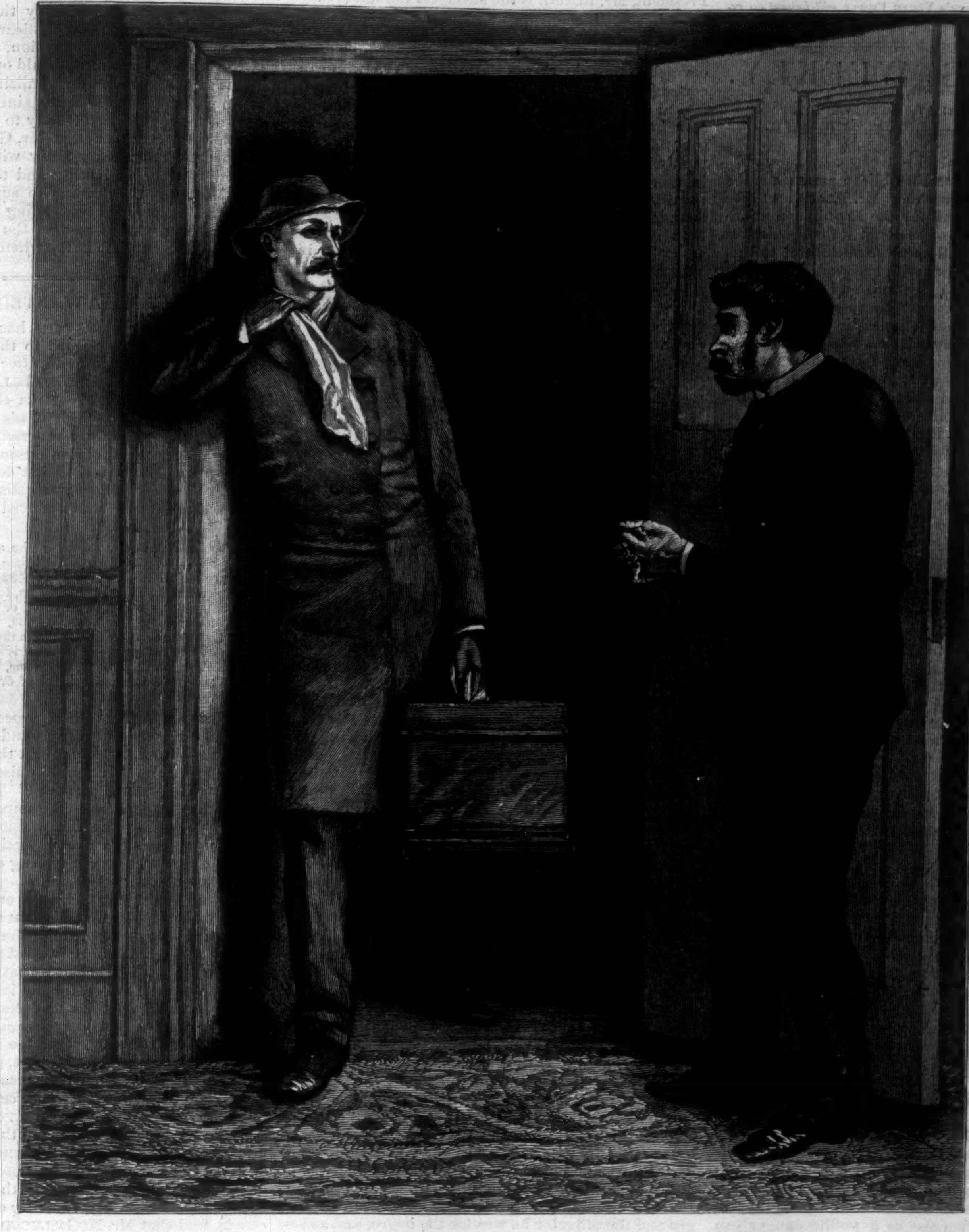

"'Why did you keep me standing there in the cold?' he asked."

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

IN giving to the world the record of what, looked at from that point of view only, is, I suppose, one of the most wonderful and mysterious adventures ever experienced by mortal men, I feel it incumbent on me to explain what my exact connection with it is. And so I may as well say at once that I am not the narrator, but only the editor, of this extraordinary history, and then proceed to tell how it found its way into my hands.

Some years ago, I, the editor, was stopping with a brother at one of the Universities, which for the purposes of this history we will call Cambridge, and was one day much struck with the appearance of two people whom I saw going arm in arm down the street. One of these gentlemen was, I think, without exception, the handsomest young fellow I have ever set eyes on. He was very tall, very broad, and had a look of power and a grace of bearing that seemed as native to him as it is to a wild stag. In addition, his face was almost without flaw—a good face as well as a beautiful one; and when he lifted his hat, which he did just then to a passing lady, I saw that his head was covered with little golden curls growing close to the scalp.

"Good gracious!" I said to my brother, with whom I was walking; "why, that fellow looks like a statue of Apollo come to life. What a splendid man he is!"

"Yes," he answered; "he is the handsomest man in the University, and one of the nicest too. They call him 'the Greek god.' But look at the other one; he's Vincey's (that's the god's name) guardian, and supposed to be full of every kind of information. They call him 'Charon.'"

I looked, and found the older man quite as interesting in his way as the glorified specimen of humanity at his side. He appeared to be about forty years of age, and was, I think, as ugly as his companion was handsome. To begin with, he was shortish, rather bow-legged, very deep-chested, and with unusually long arms. He had dark hair and small eyes, and the hair grew right down on his forehead, and his whiskers grew right up to his hair, so that there was uncommonly little of his countenance to be seen. Altogether he reminded me forcibly of a gorilla, and yet there was something very pleasing and genial about the man's eye. I remember saying that I should like to know him.

"All right," answered my brother; "nothing easier. I know Vincey; I'll introduce you;" and he did; and for some minutes we stood chatting—about the Zulu people, I think, for I had just returned from the Cape at the time. Presently, however, a stoutish

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"Its tone, variety, and general excellence of literary workmanship are admirably sustained."—*Christian Union.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number published September 28 contains the third instalment of LORD BRABOURNE'S *fairy tale, "The Captive Queen"; the sixth chapter of "The Flamingo Feather"; a short story by* JOHN R. CORYELL; *and another by* JOHN HABBERTON, *author of "Helen's Babies," etc.*

"Cara's Pets" is the title of a short sketch accompanying a drawing by J. CARTER BEARD. *A well-known naturalist has a short account of that zoological curiosity the ornithorhyncus, with two illustrations, and another writer relates some curious facts and legends connected with the origin of the game of chess.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

1888.

THE tone of the BLAINE Republican press since the Maine election shows that Mr. BLAINE will be probably strongly pushed for the Republican nomination in 1888. It cannot be doubted that he desires it, because nothing could be more distasteful to him than to close his public life with such a defeat as that of 1884—a defeat due to personal and not to party reasons. He was not defeated because his party had lost public confidence, but because he was its candidate. But a great many earnest Republicans who disapproved of his nomination for various reasons were yet so persuaded that Republican opposition to a Republican nomination was a kind of treason to the country and to human liberty that they have come to think the election of Mr. BLAINE indispensable to the vindication of the party and to the proper punishment of such offenders, and more than one of them has been heard to say that he now lived to secure that result. A candidate who in addition to this kind of support has the aid of the party machine and the prestige which envelops the chief party leader enters the contest with great advantages. It seems, however, impossible that the wise heads of the party should think Mr. BLAINE'S nomination to be judicious. Many of the leaders who supported him most strongly upon the stump in '84, and who most bitterly denounced the treachery of Mugwumpery, had been most strenuously opposed to his nomination. They knew that the campaign would be necessarily a prolonged and desperate personal defence and apology and explanation, as it was. They have seen that all did not avail, and they know that nothing whatever has occurred to make Mr. BLAINE a more acceptable candidate, while much has happened which would make it easy for many who voted for him in '84 to decline to vote for him in '88.

It is useless to urge in his favor that nothing new can be said against him. What was said in '84 was enough to defeat him, and it was of a kind which does not lose its force with a campaign. If the transactions of which the MULLIGAN letters were the proof to the public mind made him in the public estimation unfit for the Presidency in 1884, they will make him equally unfit in 1888. If the explanations and apologies and defences were fruitless then, they will be equally fruitless again. It was then said that he had been vindicated by his election as Senator. But by the same reasoning he has now been condemned by his defeat for the Presidency. The personal arguments are unchanged. There is no reason to suppose, and so far as we know there is no evidence whatever, that the voters who held him to be personally unfit in '84 will believe him to be any more fit in '88. If this be so, will the party argument be stronger then? Undoubtedly it was the party argument and the Irish Democratic vote which enabled him to contest the result so closely in '84. But few intelligent men can suppose that the mere party appeal against Democratic success as a public danger can be as strong in '88 as it was in '84. In '84 thousands of honest Republicans believed that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND meant payment of the rebel debt, and compensation for slaves, and oppression of colored citizens, and control of the government by its enemies, and radical financial disturbances, and a general panic and prostration of industry and enterprise. In view of such calamities to follow the success of the Democratic candidate, they felt that it was a criminal Phariseeism to object to the character of the Republican candidate. As Mr. FRYE is reported to have put it, what was the ink spot on his skirt compared with what they alleged to be the universal smirch opposed to him?

But all this will be of no avail in '88. It will be alleged, indeed, that the Democratic party has shown itself incapable of governing. But that is the argument of King Stork against King Log. The Democratic party cannot be plausibly denounced as a public enemy in the sense of the cry of 1884. Its comparative administrative capacity is a very much feebler argument, and necessarily the question of personal fitness in the candidate will become of infinitely greater importance. Moreover, whatever may be urged against the Democratic party, the fact will be incontestable that the Democratic President has made a profound impression of honest purpose of good government in the interest of the people, and not of a party. This fact, contrasted with the peculiar objection to Mr. BLAINE, will be of the greatest popular weight. It will be increased by the perception that the President is very much stronger than his party, and has proved his ability to compel its half-reluctant and protesting support. This of itself answers the argument drawn from party, and presents the question for intelligent and patriotic Republicans whether, under the circumstances, and against the renominated President, Mr. BLAINE is the strongest candidate they can offer. Undoubtedly he will be warmly pressed as the most conspicuous leader, as a great party organizer, as the Republican of the largest and most devoted following, as the only Republican who can command an Irish Democratic vote; and the strongest appeal of all in a party convention will be the declaration that in view of his defeat in '84 upon personal grounds, to set him aside in '88 will be to acquiesce tacitly in the personal charges against him. Yet that he will be really a stronger candidate in '88, or that the CLEVELAND administration will have been such as to make the party argument for him more decisive than in '84, cannot be supposed. It will be a hundredfold easier to be an Independent in '88 than in '84. Every form of obloquy and blackguardism and falsehood against Mugwumps has been exhausted, and it is demonstrated that to vote against an unfit Republican is not to vote for national disaster. Men and brethren, let us reflect upon these things.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND PROHIBITION.

THERE is no doubt of the sincerity of the temperance views of Mr. ALBERT GRIFFIN, and of the great mass of his associates in the Republican anti-saloon movement. But Mr. GRIFFIN and his friends cannot expect the action of the Conference at Chicago to satisfy the great body of equally earnest citizens who hold the temperance question to be more important than questions of the tariff, of the currency, or of administrative reform. The anti-saloon Republicans, according to Mr. WINDOM, the president of the Conference, desire, "as true and loyal Republicans, ... through that party to accomplish" their purpose; that is to say, they are first Republicans, then temperance men. They will try to persuade the party to oppose and abolish the saloon. But if it will not, they are still Republicans. For all that, they say, if the saloon regularly nominates the Republican candidates, the anti-saloon Republicans will support them. They demand, indeed, that the party policy shall be an anti-saloon policy. But if they cannot prevail, they will sustain the policy, whatever it may be. They say only that they are Republicans, whether the party is for or against the saloon. They are, in fact, like the friends of various candidates for a nomination. Each prefers his own man, but each will support any other if he carries the Convention.

The fact that the Chicago Conference was called is the proof that in the opinion of some temperance Republicans the party is not only not a prohibition party, but that it is not even an anti-saloon party. The Conference demands that the Republican party "shall take a firm and decided stand, as the friend of the home and the enemy of the saloon, in favor of this policy and these measures." That is to say, that the party has not yet done so. The anti-saloon Republicans will try to influence it to take that position, as the friends of a forestry policy, or an Indian policy, or any other policy, might try to induce the party to take a stand upon these subjects. Senator BLAIR said in the Conference that as between free rum and high license they were in favor of high license, and as between high license and prohibition they were for prohibition. So Mr. DOUGLAS, a Democrat, said about slavery, that as between the negro and the alligator he was for the negro, and as between the negro and the white man he was for the white man. This is not a doctrine which is acceptable to those who think that antislavery or prohibition is the vital question. The anti-saloon Republicans have no more right to denounce the prohibitionists as impracticable fanatics than the old Whigs, Silver Grays, and "Union Savers" had a right to denounce the Republicans as incendiaries. Mr. FRYE, Mr. BLAIR, and Mr. WINDOM are personally, we suppose, "teetotalers," but politically they think that protection is a more important issue than prohibition or any anti-saloon measure. They act as they believe, but they cannot justly reproach other temperance men who are unwilling to trust the cause to any party which holds the saloon to be a minor and subsidiary issue.

The only argument which is addressed to the Prohibitionists is that the Republican party is more hostile to the saloon than the Democratic. But did any Conscience or Free-soil Whig feel it to be his duty to support the Whig party because it was more antislavery than the Democratic? The anti-saloon men say that they hope to persuade the Republicans to act against the saloon. But NEAL DOW and his friends say that they have been long hoping and trying to do this, and have decided that it cannot be done. Have they no reason to say so? The last Republican Legislature in New York passed a law to conciliate the saloon interest. In Kansas, where Mr. GRIFFIN lives, and where the Republican anti-saloon movement began, the restrictive liquor law has been construed by Republican authorities to mean that the statement of the buyer is conclusive as to the necessity for the liquor. The Conscience and Free-soil Whigs hoped to make the Whig party an antislavery party, but they found it could not be done. The Prohibitionists take the same view of the Republican party. The only way to deal with them is not to denounce them, but to announce frankly the party position upon the subject. The Republican party will certainly not declare for prohibition, and nobody can justly complain. But if it should openly oppose and defy the saloon as a most demoralizing and pernicious force in politics, it would be sustained by the best sentiment of the country. The way to compel the party to do this, however, is not, as Mr. GRIFFIN'S committee proposes, "to work strictly within party lines, and to discourage all bolting and third party movements," because that means to support the saloon whenever it succeeds in controlling Republican nominations. The way to compel the party to oppose the saloon is to beat the party when it is mastered by the saloon.

LIGHT WANTED.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER ATKINS has made certain important statements in regard to the Pine Ridge Indian Agency, in Dakota, and after plainly insinuating that the late agent, Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY, defrauded the government, he remarks that he makes no charges against him. But if his insinuations are well-founded, it is his duty as a vigilant public officer to bring charges. The insinuation, if a plain statement can be so described, is that during Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY'S agency there was a system of cheating carried on, and that he was removed for insubordination. Mr. ATKINS states that

> "the number of Indians reported at the agency during MCGILLYCUDDY and BROWN'S [the clerk] régime was 7114, and their subsistence for the last fiscal year cost $249,894. The agricultural implements he supplied, in addition, footed up a further sum of $68,470, making a total of $318,364, or at the rate of a little over $65 for every man, woman, and child. The total number of Indians that the new Commissioner, with the aid of his new clerk, has been able to find on the reservation is only 4873, a reduction of 2241. Thus, in this one agency alone, by the simple change of agent and clerk, an annual saving of over $157,000 has been effected."

Commissioner ATKINS then proceeds to denounce the Indian Rights Association and its secretary, Mr. HERBERT WELSH, asserting that they had instigated attacks upon him "under the guise of philanthropy, but really for partisan purposes." To this assault Mr. WELSH has made a prompt, temperate, and conclusive reply, putting the Commissioner upon the defensive as regards the charges against Agent MCGILLYCUDDY, and of course disposing of that against the association and himself.

But this ought not to be the end. Such a statement by the Indian Commissioner should of course lead to a thorough exposure of the facts, which is demanded both by the public interest and by Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY himself. He states that during his official term rations were drawn for and issued on the agency register furnished by his predecessor, and corrected annually by the ordinary census, not by regular count. He doubted whether the Pine Ridge or any Sioux agency register was correct, and for that reason he never drew or issued full treaty rations, and he recommended a twenty-five per cent. "cut down" to the Indian Office. Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY asserts that he courts full investigation, and that he is responsible under bond for any fraud in connection with rations or otherwise. Miss ELAINE GOODALE, who is a very active and intelligent friend of the Indian, says that the Sioux are naturally violently opposed to an exact census, and that Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY told her at the Pine Ridge Agency a year ago that he believed the number of Indians to be greatly overestimated, and that he had "repeatedly" recommended a general count, according to a plan of his own, to prevent cheating, but that he had not yet received authority for it from the department. The recent count, however, Miss GOODALE states—and we presume the count to which the Commissioner alludes to justify his insinuation of fraud against Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY—was taken according to Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY'S plan, and with his assistance. Mr. WELSH cites much other testimony to the same general effect. Agent MCGILLYCUDDY was not removed upon charges of fraud, but of insubordination, which consisted in his unwillingness to acquiesce in the dismissal of a competent and tried confidential clerk to make room for an inexperienced and incompetent successor, appointed, as was believed, for political purposes, and not in the interest of the public service.

It is very evident that inquiry is imperative, and by none will it be more desired than by Mr. WELSH and the Indian Rights Association, because there is a very strong suspicion that no branch of the public service is more completely demoralized by politics than the present Indian Department. This department has been heretofore one in which there has been very little general interest, and in which, therefore, abuses of every kind were not likely to be disclosed. Mr. Atkins, who is a clever politician, accuses Mr. Welsh of partisan purposes. Those who know Mr. Welsh know that he is as disinterested as he is efficient and generous in his good work of securing justice for the Indians, and that he is singularly free from any suspicion of political partisanship. But the question raised by the Commissioner is not personal only, it is one of great public interest, and a thorough investigation should not be refused.

THE COLOR LINE.

The colored men of New England recently held a conference in Boston to protest against the injustice done to them in society, business, politics, etc., and Mr. James M. Trotter, who presided, said:

> "These conferences and conventions have ceased to do any good toward ameliorating the lot of the colored men by acting upon the sentiment of the white people of the country. The fault," he continued, "is our own more than that of any other race in the country that we are not free and independent men. The time has come when the negro should demand a whole loaf and nothing else. He has played the half-loaf game long enough. The only place to affect the politicians is at the polls."

Charles Lenox Remond, a cultivated and accomplished colored man, used to say forty years ago that he would willingly be flayed alive if he could be remade with a white skin, and an intelligent colored farm laborer—the cleverest hand in the field—said that it was of no use for him to be skilful or honest or intelligent or industrious, because he was always accounted "a d——d nigger." There was never a race whose fate was so tragic, because their color is accepted as a proof of inferiority. Happily it has ceased in this country to be also the badge of a servile race. But it will be long before the prejudice—for it is nothing more—disappears.

The advice of Mr. Trotter means apparently that the colored men should vote for the party which will "recognize" them most fully. This means the party that will give them offices. That, however, is a course which would not raise them in their own respect nor in that of the community. It would be merely a price paid for votes—a bribe. It would not correct the injustice which colored men feel to be done to them in society, business, politics, etc. This is a relief which no protest or law or office or any other device can suddenly remove. There must be, of course, perfect equality before the law. The State, as such, must make no discrimination. But the prejudice, which is the real grievance, will disappear only before the fact of self-respect, energy, industry, and intelligence. The same course which is best for all other citizens in this country is best for colored citizens, so long as the laws do not discriminate against them, namely, not to insist upon any distinction or difference of race, but to regard themselves as equal American citizens, and "live down" prejudice.

A TERRIBLE WARNING.

In sentencing Samuel G. Snelling to seven years in the State-prison, Judge Staples was deeply moved, for the prisoner was personally known to him, and had been beloved and respected in Boston for many years. He was accompanied in court by the Rev. Phillips Brooks and other friends, some of whom with great emotion testified to his undoubted benevolence and generosity in the past, and did all that sorrow and affection could do in seeking mitigation of punishment.

But the judge did not permit his emotion and profound personal regret to blind him in the least degree to the enormity of the offence, or to the necessity of exemplary punishment, and after stating adequately the peculiar guilt of a man who could plead no kind of extenuation for his betrayal of trust, with a firm voice he solemnly pronounced the sentence. It followed swiftly upon the arrest and arraignment, and it is the emphatic announcement that there is the same impartial law for rich and poor, and that no social advantage shields a man from the just doom of crime.

As Judge Staples said, it is especially necessary that this lesson should be taught at this time and in New England. At the very moment of Snelling's trial the embezzlement of Gould in Portland was made known, following Plunkett's and Gray's, and the similar crimes of others in the same social condition. If there be any virtue in punishment, not only in actual imprisonment and in the desperation of self-murder, but in the consciousness of unspeakable shame and sorrow inflicted upon the most innocent, beloved, and helpless persons, the fate of Gray and Snelling should do something to save others who are tempted to do what they did.

THE PRESIDENT.

Senator Platt, president of the Connecticut Republican Convention, spoke of the President as an average Democratic politician. Mr. Tappan, president of the New Hampshire Republican Convention, described him as no Democrat, meaning that he was better than his party—a compliment which, however founded in fact, the President would doubtless disclaim. Mr. Reall, president of the Agricultural Convention at Philadelphia, said:

> "No better, purer-minded, or wiser man has ever filled this highest of all offices, and none ever had a truer conception of its responsibilities. Every pulsation of Grover Cleveland's heart beats for the people of the United States. No unprejudiced man who considers his acts or comes in personal contact with him can have any other opinion. I say this as one who ardently opposed his nomination and election, and I speak of him entirely from the stand-point of a farmer, without any political affiliations except those pertaining to agriculture."

These are differing views, but there is little doubt that Mr. Reall expresses the general opinion of what Mr. Lincoln called "the plain people." Those who supported Mr. Cleveland, not as a Democrat, but as an honest, sagacious, and courageous man, have not been disappointed, and we do not know one man who voted for him for that reason who regrets it, or who under similar circumstances would not do the same thing even more willingly. Mr. Reall is but one of the Republicans who opposed him heartily in '84 who in '88 might vote for the Republican candidate, but who would not ardently oppose Mr. Cleveland, and there are many who ardently opposed him in '84 who would gladly vote for him in '88.

There are but two censures of the President's conduct: one is founded upon his course in regard to administrative reform; the other, upon his pension vetoes. But beyond question, with all drawbacks allowed, he has done very much more for reform than any other President, and an examination of his vetoes will show that they all aim to save the Treasury from unjust claims. That the President has been sometimes mistaken is possible, but that he had no purpose which every honest soldier would not approve is evident. Every honest Republican will admit that Mr. Cleveland is a very much better President than he had believed any Democrat could be, and that is a fact which shows the great necessity for wisdom in Republican counsels.

A MISREPRESENTATION.

The New York *Sun* represents Harper's Weekly as saying:

> "If the President had called Mugwumps to office, and if the Democratic leaders had welcomed them as none the less Democrats, although they had always opposed the Democratic party, an irresistible Administration party would have arisen."

Of course the Weekly did not say this. It stated it to be the view of a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who exhorted the Independents to join the Democratic party, and in commenting upon this view, the Weekly said:

> "*He thinks that* if the President," etc.

The *Sun* omits the words "He thinks that," and so makes the Weekly appear to be the author of the remark of the *Post's* correspondent.

The Weekly proceeded to say in reply to the correspondent that

> "the reason why the Democrats did not take this course is one of the reasons why the Independent voters cannot do what he suggests."

The reason why the Democrats did not take this course is that they had no sympathy with the Independent voters, and the fact that the spirit and purposes and methods of the Democratic party are not those of Independent voters is one sufficient reason why such voters cannot join that party.

EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

The process of eviction in Ireland is often one of great cruelty, because no man is more passionately attached to the land than the Irish peasant, and because the refusal to pay rent is generally due to actual inability and not to a desire to withhold it. But "A Westmeath Landlord," who feels the great force which this fact gives to the demand for adjusting payment to the honest ability to pay, writes to the London *Times* to state what he considers to be the other side.

He says:

> "In the first place, an ejectment process for non-payment of rent, which must precede the so-called eviction, cannot be brought until a year's rent is due. If the decree is given in favor of the plaintiff, it is valueless as an instrument for recovering possession of the land until it is put into the hands of the sheriff to be executed, and this is seldom done until some time after it has been given, so as to admit of the tenant coming to terms with the landlord, and so saving the necessity for the presence of the sheriff. When the decree has been executed by the sheriff, possession is given up to the landlord, and the tenant is formally evicted, but in nineteen cases out of twenty he is immediately reinstated as a care-taker, and therefrom has six months' grace within which he is at liberty to redeem his tenancy upon paying the amount of the decree. In the vast majority of cases he either redeems or comes to some arrangement with his landlord which allows him to remain in possession of his holding."

The landlord holds, therefore, that when Mr. Morley tells the House of Commons that there were 1268 evictions in Ulster and Leinster in the year 1885, and 1859 in Connaught and Munster, it is not the truth that there were 3127 families thrown out homeless on the road-side. The truth is, he says, that most of them were readmitted as care-takers, and that with few exceptions they are now again in possession of their holdings, having either redeemed or come to some arrangement within the six months' period of grace.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Secretary for Ireland, in reply to a question of Mr. Parnell the other evening, said that since June 13 of this year 1000 families, comprising 5311 persons, had been evicted in Ireland, and that of these 650 families, including 3626 persons, had been retained as care-takers. Mr. Parnell disputed these figures, and said that the quarter ending with the month would show a higher average of evictions than any quarter since 1851.

The landlord does not deny that there are cases of hardship, and that tenants are actually evicted who have not the means of paying. But among them, he says, there are some in which the inability is due to a want of thrift, and to the recklessness which results from demoralization. In such cases he asks why the landlord should be the only creditor who is to be prohibited from recovering his debt. The question of rent in Ireland is now so complicated with national feeling and political and religious passion that any policy would be bitterly maligned. The only course is to ascertain facts as nearly as possible, and to act accordingly, despite every kind of clamor.

The emphatic defeat of Mr. Parnell's bill shows the thorough union of the Tories and of the Hartington Liberals, and it is an evil augury for the winter. It will show to the Irish tenants that no relief is to be expected from the present government, and it will undoubtedly deeply embitter the hostile feeling of the country. It is to be hoped that Mr. Parnell and his friends will restrain, if possible, outbreaks and outrages, and leave the suffering which they anticipate to plead for itself. At this distance the Parnell bill did not seem to be unreasonable, and its passage would have been an act of conciliation.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Potter Palmer said recently to a friend: "I liked Mr. Vanderbilt because he was generous to himself. Most rich men are stingy to themselves."

—The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the well-known Baptist clergyman, tells this story on himself: "When in London, a few weeks ago, I visited a market, and asked the name of a peculiarly ugly fish that lay on the counter. 'We call them Baptists,' replied the dealer. 'Baptists!' I rejoined; 'why Baptists?' 'Because,' he answered, 'they go to the bad so soon after they come out of the water.'"

—The residence of the late venerable artist Asher B. Durand, at South Orange, New Jersey, was in a retired nighborhood, not far from the Orange Mountain, and on its long front veranda he was visible almost daily to passers-by, who craned their necks above the hedge to get a glimpse of him. His favorite diversion consisted of reading French and smoking a pipe. His interest in the companions of his later years—men like Huntington, McEntee, and the late Sanford R. Gifford—was active to the last, but all his earlier artist friends had preceded him to the other world. Notoriety of any kind was distasteful to him, and it was his habit to refuse to see reporters even when they were sent on the kindest errands by his editorial friends.

—A well-known capitalist sat down to play a game of cards with the president of a railroad company. After the game was finished, the president unfolded carefully a piece of brown paper, wrapped up the cards, and returned them to his pocket. "A person of so economical a turn of mind must manage his railroad sagaciously," thought the capitalist, and the same day he bought a thousand shares of the railroad's stock. The investment proved very profitable, for the stock has been rising ever since.

—On the morning of the day on which he died, the late Mr. H. H. Richardson was congratulated by a friend on the success of one of his public buildings. "That is all well enough," he replied, "but if you want to see what I can do, wait until the Pittsburgh Court-House and Marshall Field's warehouse in Chicago are completed."

—The personal resemblance between General Francis A. Walker and Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is quite striking to a casual observer. Both are stout and square in build, with faces of a dark Italian type, and expressive eyes. Mr. O'Reilly, however, is of lighter frame, and more quick and nervous both in speech and in motion.

—Two of the best-known professors of the University of California are the brothers Joseph and John Le Conte. The former occupies the chair of geology and the other that of physics. Joseph Le Conte is also a popular writer on various scientific subjects. Both are South Carolinians, and taught in their native State before they accepted a call to the new Western university.

—Mr. George Bancroft reaches his eighty-sixth birthday on October 3. When his wife was alive it was during many years the historian's custom to give a birthday dinner. This year upon his birthday Mr. Bancroft will be entertained at dinner by Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

—When Mr. Edwin Booth is at home in his old-fashioned Boston house he occupies a suite of rooms on the first floor, which are entered from a landing a little way up on the winding staircase which leads to the second story. These rooms, although provided with every modern convenience, are all supplied with quaint old furniture, and hung with historic bits of armor and old portraits. Mr. Booth sleeps upon an enormous antique four-post bedstead, which is furnished with a wooden canopy and deep red draperies. His theatrical wardrobe is kept in the chambers of the third floor, and the second story is reserved for his daughter, Mrs. Grossman.

—Mr. Louis Wertheimber, the Austrian gentleman who is about to publish *A Murajama Blade*, a Japanese historical romance, is a resident of Boston, where he occupies himself in part with literature and partly in trade with Japan.

—Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Church, now travelling in Central America, writes to a friend in Chicago glowing accounts of the Argentine Republic, in which country he spent several weeks. He believes that its soil is the most fertile in the world, and predicts that in the next twenty-five years it will be a formidable competitor of the United States for European trade.

—Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, has just returned from his third trip to Europe.

—General Sheridan, in addition to being the head of the United States army, is president of the Washington Park race track at Chicago, and never fails to attend the summer racing meeting and to act as one of the judges.

—The Ogden homestead, the only structure on the north side in Chicago which escaped destruction by the great fire, is to be torn down to make room for an apartment-house.

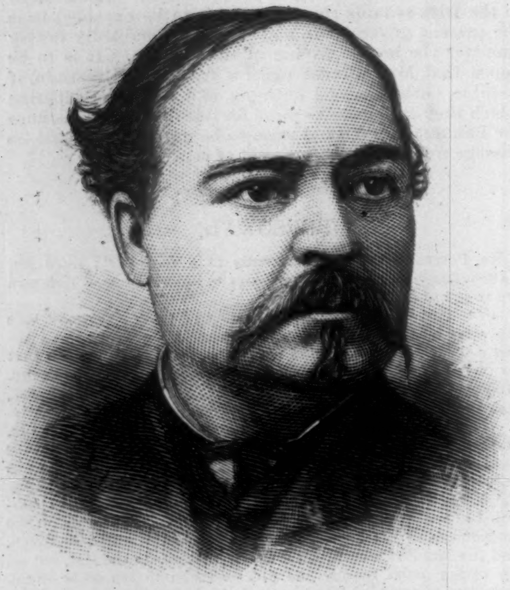
—Adolph Sutro, the engineer of the Sutro Tunnel, by which the lower levels of the Comstock Silver Mines were worked, is doing much to make attractive the ocean beach at San Francisco. On the heights above the well-known Seal Rocks he has laid out a park, which is filled with rare trees and shrubs, and contains a conservatory of tropical plants unsurpassed in the West. He now proposes to build a cable road to this park, and thus add another to the many suburban attractions of the City by the Golden Gate.

—Mr. William Warren, the old Boston comedian, attributes much of his sturdy good health to his daily use of the "health lift" apparatus.

—President Holden, of the University of California, has devoted his summer leisure to the Lick Observatory, and he is sanguine that everything will be ready for the great telescope by the beginning of the new year. The telescope itself, if everything goes well, will be finished by next June.

—The Rev. Peter Leys, an aged clergyman of Edinburgh in enfeebled health, has been sent to prison for refusing to surrender two children of his son, who came to him when their father was in poverty. The court had ordered their surrender, but the clergyman refused because their father's religion was different from his. "It is my duty," he said, "to obey God rather than man."

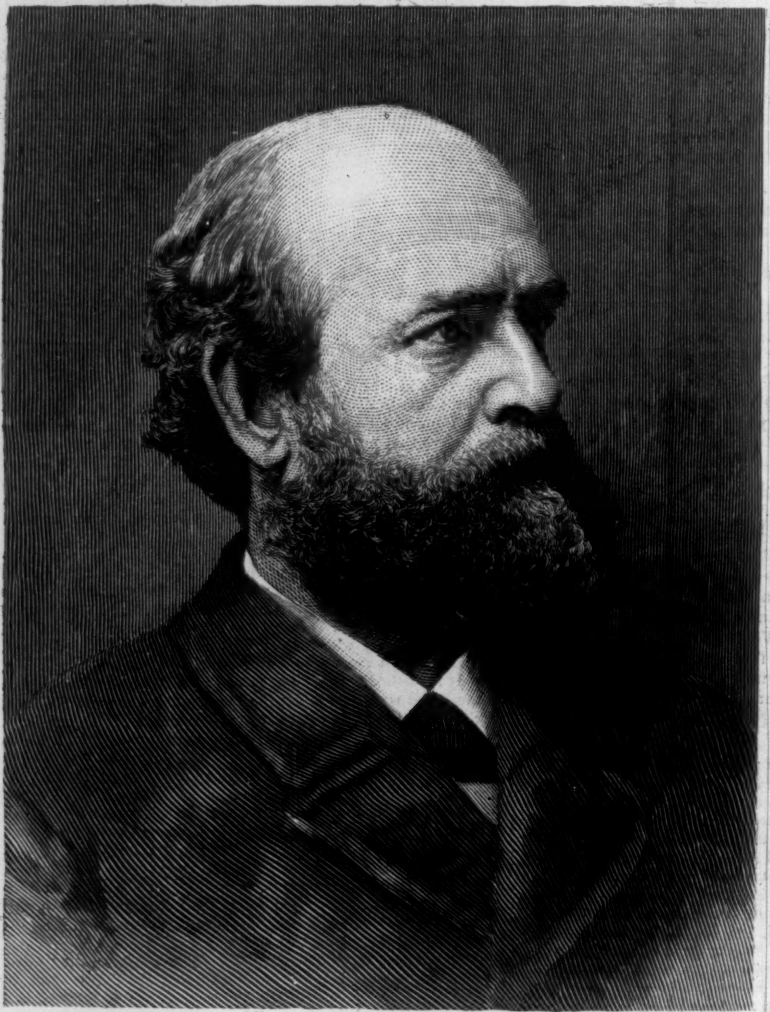
—Mr. Edwin Booth next season will play under the management of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who also will have a company of his own. To those who express a wish that Mr. Booth in his masterly interpretations should be supported by a better company than is usually the case, the professional reply is that such a course would not pay; for when it was tried one season, the cast containing three or four excellent actors and actresses, not more than $500 a night was taken in at the box-office on occasions when Mr. Booth was not present. This sum, it is argued, would not have been less had his support been of the most ordinary kind. But Mr. Booth's personal net profits for twenty-nine weeks were $120,000.



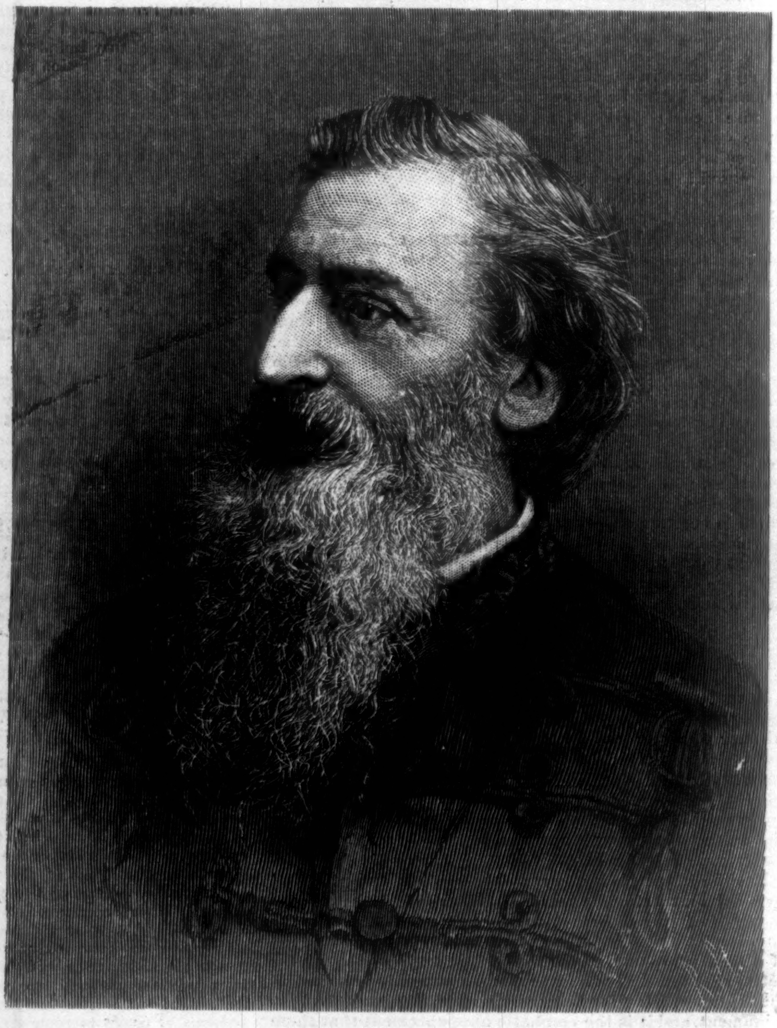
ALFRED A. TAYLOR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—[See Page 635.]

ROBERT L. TAYLOR, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—[See Page 635.]

JUDGE JAMES R. LUDLOW.
Photographed by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 639.]



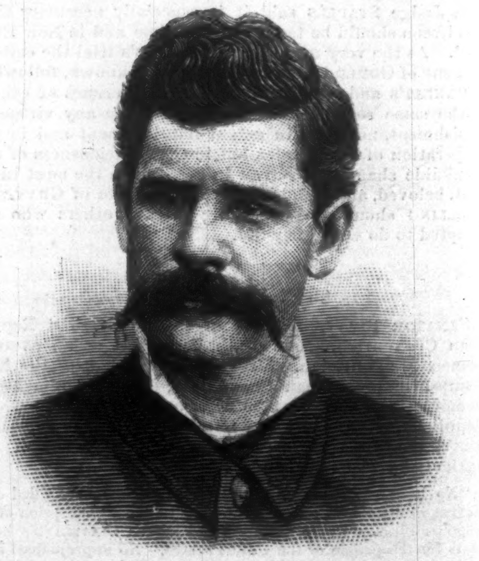
HENRY GEORGE.—[See Page 639.]



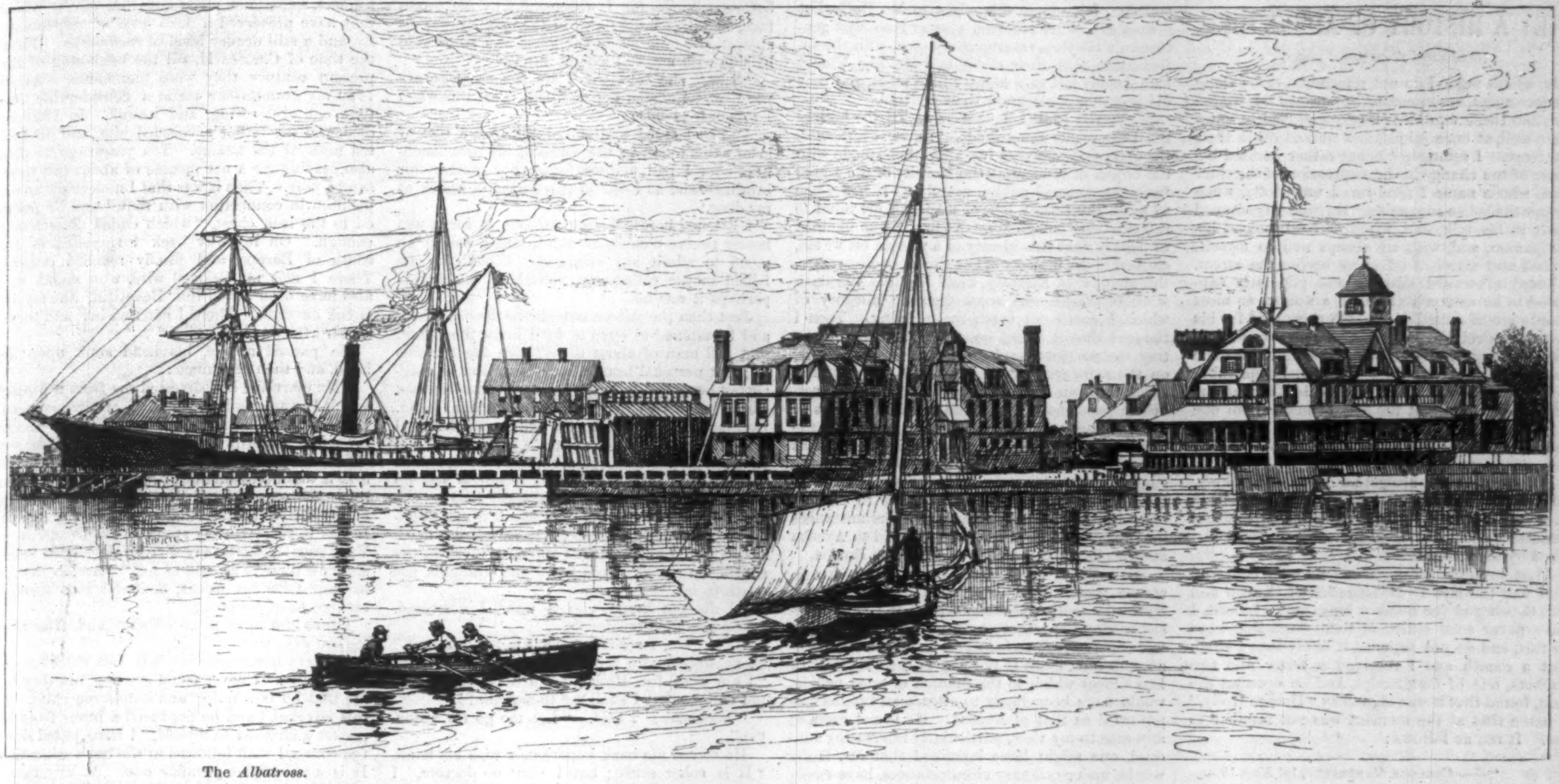
WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY.—[See Page 639.]

ELIHU ROOT.—[See Page 639.]

MALCOLM W. FORD, CHAMPION ATHLETE.
[See Page 639.]

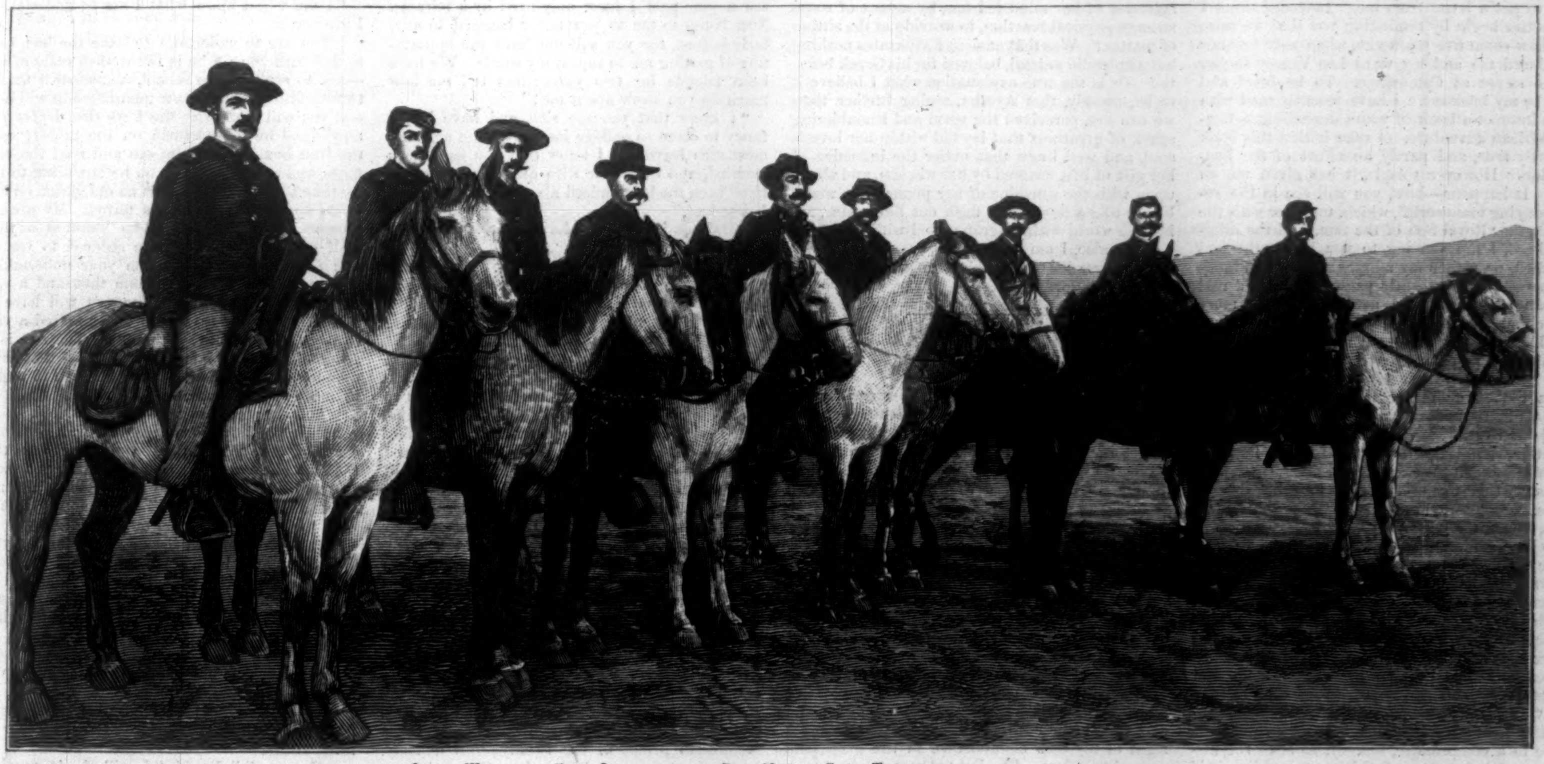


CAPTAIN HENRY W. LAWTON, FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY.
[See Page 638.]

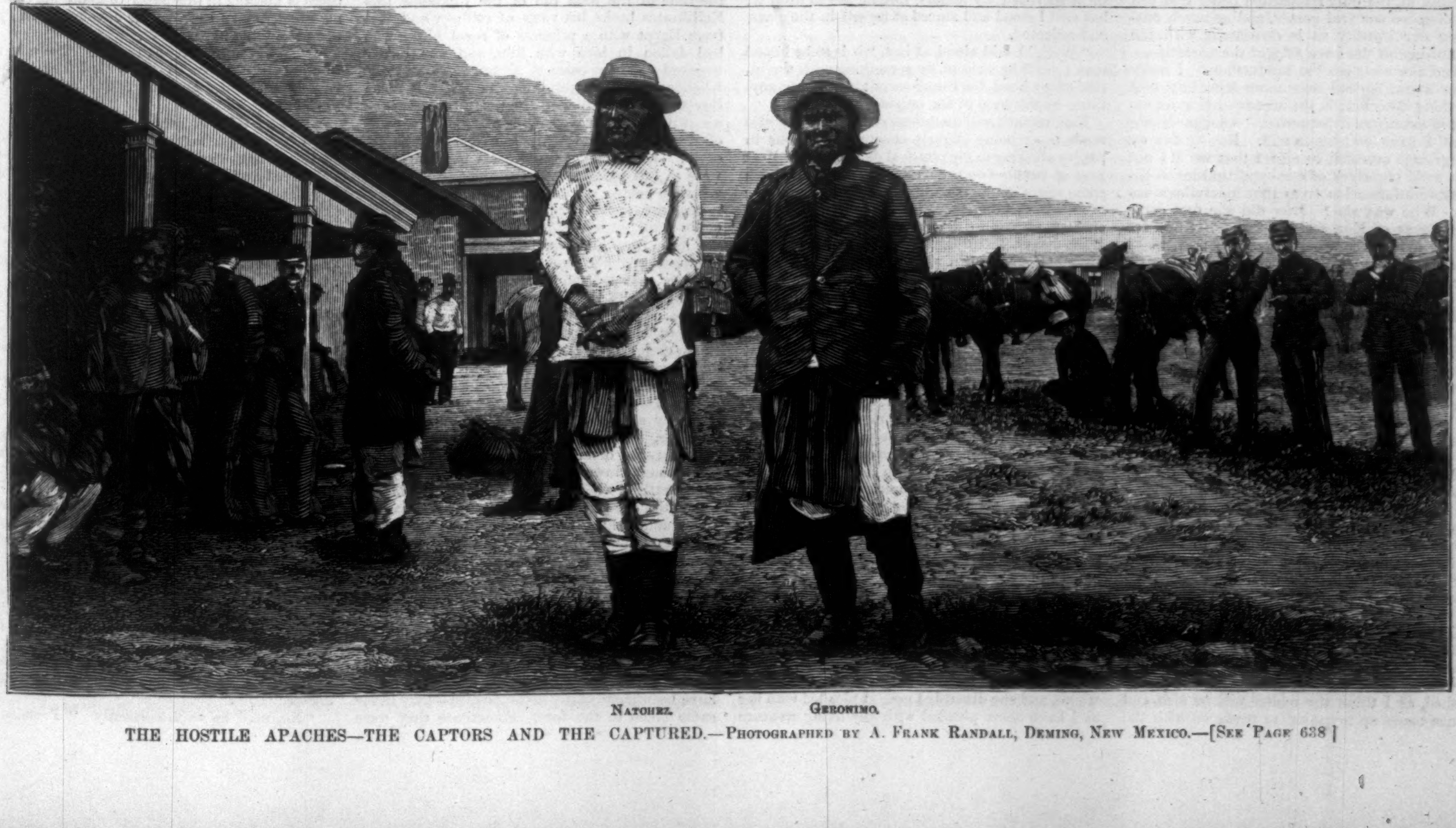


The *Albatross*.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, AT WOOD'S HOLL, MASSACHUSETTS.—Photographed by T. W. Smillie.—[See Page 635.]



Lieut. Wilder. Capt. Lawton. Gen. Miles. Capt. Thompson.



Natchez. Geronimo.

THE HOSTILE APACHES—THE CAPTORS AND THE CAPTURED.—Photographed by A. Frank Randall, Deming, New Mexico.—[See Page 638.]

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

lady, whose name I do not remember, came along the pavement, accompanied by a pretty fair-haired girl, and these two Mr. Vincey, who clearly knew them well, at once joined, and walked off in their company. I remember being rather amused because of the change in the expression of the elder man, whose name I discovered was Holly, when he saw the ladies advancing. He suddenly stopped short in his talk, cast a reproachful look at his companion, and, with an abrupt nod to myself, turned and marched off alone across the street. I heard afterward that he was popularly supposed to be as much afraid of a woman as most people are of a mad dog, which accounted for his precipitate retreat. I cannot say, however, that young Vincey showed much aversion to feminine society on this occasion. Indeed, I remember laughing, and remarking to my brother at the time that he was not the sort of man whom one would care to introduce to the lady one was going to marry, since it is exceedingly probable that the acquaintance would end in a transfer of her affections. He was altogether too good-looking, and, what is more, he had none of that consciousness and conceit about him which usually afflicts handsome men, and makes them deservedly disliked by their fellows.

That evening my visit came to an end, and that was the last I saw or heard of Charon and the Greek god for many a long day. Indeed, I have never seen either of them from that hour to this, and do not suppose it likely that I shall. But a month ago I received a letter and two packets, one of manuscript, and on opening the first, found that it was signed by "Horace Holly," a name that at the moment was not familiar to me. It ran as follows:

"—— College, Cambridge, *1st May*, 18—.

"My dear Sir,—You will be surprised, considering the very slight nature of our acquaintance, to get a letter from me. Indeed, I think I had better begin by reminding you that we once met, now some five years ago, when your brother introduced me and my ward Leo Vincey to you in the street at Cambridge. To be brief and come to my business. I have recently read with much interest a book of yours describing a Central African adventure. I take it that this book is partly true, and partly an effort of the imagination. However this is, it has given me an idea. It happens—how, you will see in the accompanying manuscript, which, together with the scarab, the 'Royal Son of the Sun,' and the original sherd, I am sending to you by hand—that my ward, or rather my adopted son, Leo Vincey and myself have recently passed through a real African adventure of a nature so much more marvellous than the one which you describe that, to tell you the truth, I am almost ashamed to submit it to you for fear lest you should disbelieve me. You will see it stated in this manuscript that I, or rather we, had made up our minds not to make this history public during our joint lives. Nor should we alter our determination, were it not for a circumstance that has recently arisen. We are, for reasons that, after perusing this manuscript, you may be able to guess, going away again, this time to Central Asia, where, if anywhere upon this earth, wisdom is to be found, and anticipate that our sojourn there will be a long one. Possibly we shall not return. Under these altered conditions it has become a question whether we are justified in withholding from the world an account of a phenomenon which we believe to be of unparalleled interest, merely because our private life is involved, or because we are afraid of ridicule and doubt being cast upon our statements. I hold one view about this matter, and Leo holds another, and finally, after much discussion, we have come to a compromise, namely, to send the history to you, giving you full leave to publish it if you think fit, the only stipulation being that you shall disguise our real names, and as much concerning our identity as is consistent with the maintenance of the *bona fides* of the narrative.

"And now what am I to say further? I really do not know, beyond once more repeating that everything described in the accompanying manuscript is exactly as it happened. As regards *She* herself I have nothing to add. Day by day we have greater occasion to regret that we did not better avail ourselves of our opportunities to obtain more information from that marvellous woman. Who was she? How did she first come to the Caves of Kôr, and what was her real religion? We never ascertained, and now, alas! we never shall, at least not yet. These and many other questions arise in my mind; but what is the good of asking them now?

"Will you undertake the task? We give you complete freedom, and as a reward you will certainly have the credit of giving to the world the most wonderful history, as distinguished from romance, that its records can show. Read the manuscript (which I have copied out fairly for your benefit), and let me know.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"L. Horace Holly.

"P.S.—Of course if any profit results from the sale of the writing, should you care to undertake it, you can do what you like with it, but if there is a loss, I will leave instructions with my lawyers, Messrs. Geoffrey & Jordan, to meet it. We intrust the sherd, the scarab, and the parchment to your keeping till such time as we demand them back again. L. H. H."

This letter, as may be imagined, astonished me considerably, but when I came to look at the MS., which the pressure of other work prevented me from doing for a fortnight, I was still more astonished, as I think the reader will be also, and at once made up my mind to press on with the matter. I wrote to this effect to Mr. Holly, but a week afterward received a letter from that gentleman's lawyers, returning my own, with the information that their client and Mr. Leo Vincey had already left this country for Thibet, and they did not at present know their address.

Well, that is all I have to say. Of the history itself the reader must judge. I give it him, with the exception of a very few alterations, made with the object of concealing the identity of the actors from the general public, exactly as it has come to me. Personally I have made up my mind to refrain from comments. At first I was inclined to believe that this history of a woman on whom, clothed in the majesty of her almost endless years, the shadow of Eternity itself lay like the dark wing of Night, was some gigantic allegory of which I could not catch the meaning. Then I thought that it might be a bold attempt to portray the possible results of immortality grafted on the substance of a mortal who yet drew her strength from the earth, and in whose human bosom passions yet rose and fell and beat as in the undying world around her the winds and the tides rise and fall and beat unceasingly. But as I went on I abandoned that idea also. To me the story seems to bear the stamp of truth upon its face. Its explanation I must leave to others; and with this slight preface, which circumstances make necessary, I introduce the world to Ayesha and the Caves of Kôr. The Editor.

P.S.—There is on consideration one circumstance that, after a reperusal of this history, struck me with so much force that I cannot resist calling the attention of the reader to it. He will observe that, so far as we are made acquainted with him, there is nothing in the character of Leo Vincey which, in the opinion of most people, would have been likely to attract an intellect so powerful as that of Ayesha. He is not even, at any rate to my view, particularly interesting; indeed, one might have imagined that Mr. Holly would, under ordinary circumstances, have easily outstripped him in the favor of *She*. Can it be that extremes meet, and that the very excess and splendor of her mind led her, by means of some strange physical reaction, to worship at the shrine of matter? Was that ancient Kallikrates nothing but a splendid animal, beloved for his Greek beauty? Or is the true explanation what I believe it to be, namely, that Ayesha, seeing further than we can see, perceived the germ and smouldering spark of greatness that lay hid within her lover's soul, and well knew that under the influence of her gift of life, watered by her wisdom, and shone upon with the sunshine of her presence, it would bloom like a flower and flash out like a star, filling the world with fragrance and with light?

Here, also, I am not able to answer, but must leave the reader to form his own judgment on the materials before him.

I.

MY VISITOR.

There are some events of which every circumstance and surrounding detail seems to be graven on the memory in such fashion that we cannot forget it, and so it is with the scene that I am about to describe. It rises as clearly before my mind at this moment as though it had happened yesterday.

It was in this very month, something over twenty years ago, that I, Ludwig Horace Holly, was sitting one night in my rooms at Cambridge, grinding away at some mathematical work, I forget what. I was to go up for my fellowship within a week, and was expected by my tutor and my college generally to distinguish myself. At last, wearied out, I flung my book down, and going to the mantel-piece, took down a pipe and filled it. There was a candle burning on the mantel-piece, and a long, narrow glass at the back of it; and as I was in the act of lighting the pipe I caught sight of my own countenance in the glass, and paused to reflect. The lighted match burnt away till it scorched my fingers, forcing me to drop it; but still I stood and stared at myself in the glass, and reflected.

"Well," I said aloud, at last, "it is to be hoped that I shall be able to do something with the inside of my head, for I shall certainly never do anything by the help of the outside."

This remark will doubtless strike anybody who reads it as being slightly obscure, but I was in reality alluding to my physical deficiencies. Most men of twenty-two are endowed at any rate with some share of the comeliness of youth, but to me even this was denied. Short, thickset, and deep-chested almost to deformity, with long, sinewy arms, heavy features, deep-set gray eyes, a low brow half overgrown with a mop of thick black hair, like a deserted clearing on which the forest had once more begun to encroach—such was my appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago, and such, with some modification, is it to this day. Like Cain, I was branded—branded by nature with the stamp of abnormal ugliness, as I was gifted by nature with iron and abnormal strength and considerable intellectual powers. So ugly was I that the spruce young men of my college, though they were proud enough of my feats of endurance and physical prowess, did not even care to be seen walking with me. Was it wonderful that I was misanthropic and sullen? Was it wonderful that I brooded and worked alone, and had no friends—at least only one? I was set apart by Nature to live alone, and draw comfort from her breast, and hers only. Women hated the sight of me. Only a week before, I had heard one call me a "monster" when she thought I was out of hearing, and say that I had converted her to Darwin's theory. Once, indeed, a woman pretended to care for me, and I lavished all the pent-up affection of my nature upon her. Then money that was to have come to me went elsewhere, and she discarded me. I pleaded with her as I have never pleaded with any living creature before or since, for I was caught by her sweet face, and loved her; and in the end, by way of answer, she took me to the glass, and stood side by side with me, and looked into it.

"Now," she said, "if I am Beauty, who are you?" and I cursed her and fled. That was when I was only twenty.

And so I stood and stared, and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in the sense of my own loneliness—for I had neither father nor mother nor brother—and as I did so there came a knock at my door.

I listened before I went to open it, for it was nearly twelve o'clock at night, and I was in no mood to admit any stranger. I had but one friend in the college, or, indeed, in the world; perhaps it was he.

Just then the person outside the door coughed, and I hastened to open it, for I knew the cough.

A tall man of about thirty, with the remains of great personal beauty, came hurrying in, staggering beneath the weight of a massive iron box which he carried by a handle in his right hand. He placed the box upon the table, and then fell into an awful fit of coughing. He coughed and coughed till his face became quite purple, and at last he sank into a chair and began to spit up blood. I poured out some whiskey into a tumbler and gave it to him. He drank it and seemed better, though his better was very bad indeed.

"Why did you keep me standing there in the cold?" he asked; "you know the draughts are death to me."

"I did not know who it was," I answered. "You are a late visitor."

"Yes; and I verily believe it is my last visit," he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I am done for, Holly—I am done for. I do not believe that I shall see to-morrow!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Let me go for a doctor."

He waved me back imperiously with his hand. "It is sober sense; but I want no doctors. I have studied medicine, and I know all about it. No doctors can help me. My last hour has come! For a year past I have only lived by a miracle. Now listen to me as you never listened to anybody before, for you will not have the opportunity of getting me to repeat my words. We have been friends for two years; now tell me how much do you know about me?"

"I know that you are rich, and have had a fancy to come to college long after the age that most men leave it. I know that you have been married, and that your wife died; and that you have been the best, indeed almost the only, friend I ever had."

"Did you know that I have a son?"

"No."

"I have. He is five years old. He cost me his mother's life, and I have never been able to bear to look upon his face in consequence. Holly, if you will accept the trust, I am going to leave you the boy's sole guardian."

I sprang almost out of my chair. "*Me!*" I said.

"Yes, you. I have not studied you for two years for nothing. I have known for some time that I could not last, and since I realized the fact I have been searching for some one to whom I could confide the boy and this," and he tapped the iron box. "You are the man, Holly; for, like a rugged tree, you are hard and sound at core. Listen; the boy will be the last survivor of one of the most ancient families in the world, that is, as far as families can be traced. You will laugh at me when I say it, but one day it will be proved to you beyond a doubt that the founder of the family, my sixty-fifth or sixty-sixth lineal ancestor, was an Egyptian priest of Isis, though he was himself of Grecian extraction, and was called Kallikrates, or the Strong and Beautiful, or, to be still more accurate, the Beautiful in Strength! His father was, I believe, one of the Greek mercenaries raised by Hakor, a Mendesian prince of the twenty-ninth dynasty. In or about the year 339 before Christ, just at the time of the final fall of the Pharaohs, this Kallikrates broke his vows of celibacy and fled from Egypt with a princess of royal blood who had fallen in love with him, and was finally wrecked upon the coast of Africa, somewhere, as I believe, in the neighborhood of where Delagoa Bay now is, or rather to the north of it, he and his wife being saved, and all the remainder of their company destroyed in one way or another. Here they endured great hardships, but were at last entertained by the mighty queen of a savage people, a white woman of peculiar loveliness, who, under circumstances which I cannot enter into, but which you will one day learn, if you live, from the contents of the box, finally murdered my ancestor, Kallikrates. His wife, however, escaped, how, I know not, to Athens, bearing a child with her, whom she named Tisisthenes, or the Mighty Avenger. Five hundred years or more afterward the family migrated to Rome under circumstances of which no trace remains, and here, probably with the idea of preserving the idea of vengeance which we find set out in Tisisthenes, they appear to have pretty regularly assumed the cognomen of Vindex, or Avenger. Here, too, they remained for another five centuries or more, till about 770 A.D., when Charlemagne invaded Lombardy, where they were then settled, whereon the head of the family seems to have attached himself to the great Emperor, and to have returned with him across the Alps, and finally to have settled in Brittany. Six generations later his lineal representative crossed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and in the time of William the Conqueror was advanced to great honor and power. From that time till the present day I can trace my descent without a break. Not that the Vinceys—for that was the final corruption of the name after its bearers took root in English soil—have been particularly distinguished—they never came much to the fore. Sometimes they were soldiers, sometimes merchants, but on the whole they have preserved a dead level of respectability, and a still deader level of mediocrity. From the time of Charles II. till the beginning of the present century they were merchants. About 1790 my grandfather made a considerable fortune out of brewing, and retired. In 1821 he died, and my father succeeded him, and dissipated most of the money. Ten years ago he died also, leaving me a net income of about two thousand a year. Then it was that I undertook an expedition in connection with that," and he pointed to the iron chest, "which ended disastrously enough. On my way back I travelled in the south of Europe, and finally reached Athens. There I met my beloved wife, who might well also have been called the 'Beautiful,' like my old Greek ancestor. There I married her, and there, a year afterward, she died."

He paused awhile, his head sunk upon his hand, and then continued:

"My marriage had diverted me from a project which I cannot enter into now. I have no time, Holly—I have no time! One day, if you accept my trust, you will learn all about it. After my wife's death I turned my mind to it again. But first it was necessary, or at least I conceived that it was necessary, that I should attain to a perfect knowledge of Eastern dialects, especially Arabic. It was to facilitate my studies that I came here. Very soon, however, my disease developed itself, and now there is an end of me." And as though to emphasize his words, he burst into another terrible fit of coughing.

I gave him some more whiskey, and, after resting, he went on:

"I have never seen my boy, Leo, since he was a tiny baby. I never could see him, but they tell me that he is a quick and handsome child. In this envelop," and he produced a letter from his pocket addressed to myself, "I have jotted down the course I wish followed in the boy's education. It is a somewhat peculiar one. At any rate, I could not intrust it to a stranger. Once more, will you undertake it?"

"I must first know what I am to undertake," I answered.

"You are to undertake to have the boy, Leo, to live with you till he is twenty-five years of age—not to send him to school, remember. On his twenty-fifth birthday your guardianship will end, and you will then, with the keys that I give you now" (and he placed them on the table) "open the iron box, and let him see and read the contents, and say whether or no he is willing to undertake the quest. There is no obligation on him to do so. Now, as regards terms. My present income is two thousand two hundred a year. Half of that income I have secured to you by will for life, contingently on your undertaking the guardianship—that is, one thousand a year remuneration to yourself, for you will have to give up your life to it, and one hundred a year to pay for the board of the boy. The rest is to accumulate till Leo is twenty-five, so that there may be a sum in hand should he wish to undertake the quest of which I spoke."

"And suppose I were to die?" I asked.

"Then the boy must become a ward of Chancery and take his chance. Only be careful that the iron chest is passed on to him by your will. Listen, Holly, don't refuse me. Believe me, this is to your advantage. You are not fit to mix with the world—it would only imbitter you. In a few weeks you will become a Fellow of your College, and the income that you will derive from that, combined with what I have left you, will enable you to live a life of learned leisure, alternated with the sport of which you are so fond, such as will exactly suit you."

He paused, and looked at me anxiously, but I still hesitated. The charge seemed so very strange.

"For my sake, Holly. We have been good friends, and I have no time to make other arrangements."

"Very well," I said, "I will do it, provided there is nothing in this paper to make me change my mind," and I touched the envelop he had put upon the table by the keys.

"Thank you, Holly, thank you. There is nothing at all. Swear to me by God that you will be a father to the boy, and follow my directions to the letter."

"I swear it," I answered, solemnly.

"Very well; remember that perhaps one day I shall ask for the account of your oath, for though I am dead and forgotten, yet shall I live. There is no such thing as death, Holly, only a change; and as you may perhaps learn in time to come, I believe that even here that change could under certain circumstances be indefinitely postponed;" and here again he broke into one of his dreadful fits of coughing.

"There," he said, "I must go. You have the chest, and my will will be found among my papers, under the authority of which the child will be handed over to you. You will be well paid, Holly, and I know that you are honest; but if you betray my trust, by Heaven I will haunt you!"

I said nothing, being indeed too bewildered to speak.

He held up the candle, and looked at his own face in the glass. It had been a beautiful face, but disease had wrecked it. "Food for the worms," he said. "Curious to think that in a few hours I shall be stiff and cold—the journey done, the little game played out. Ah me, Holly! life is not worth the trouble of life, except when one is in love—at least mine has not been; but the boy Leo's may be if he has the courage and the faith. Good-by, my friend!" and with a sudden access of tenderness he flung his arm about me and kissed me on the forehead, and then turned to go.

"Look here, Vincey," I said, "if you are as ill as you think, you had better let me fetch a doctor."

"No, no," he said, earnestly. "Promise me that you won't. I am going to die, and, like a poisoned rat, I wish to die alone."

"I don't believe that you are going to do anything of the sort," I answered. He smiled, and with the word "Remember" on his lips, was gone. As for myself, I sat down and rubbed my eyes, wondering if I had been asleep. As this supposition would not bear investigation, I gave it up, and began to think that Vincey must have been drinking. I knew that he was, and had been, very ill, but still it seemed impossible that he could be in such a condition as to be able to know for certain that he would not outlive the night. Had he been so near dissolution, surely he would scarcely have been able to walk and carry a heavy iron box with him. The whole story, on reflection, seemed to me utterly incredible, for I was not then old enough to be aware how many things happen in this world that the common-sense of the average man would set down as so improbable as to be absolutely impossible. This is a fact that I have only recently mastered. Was it likely that a man would have a son five years of age whom he had never seen since he was a tiny infant? No. Was it likely that he could foretell his own death so accurately? No. Was it likely that he could trace his pedigree for more than three centuries before Christ, or that he would suddenly confide the absolute guardianship of his child, and leave half his fortune, to a college friend? Most certainly not. Clearly, Vincey was either drunk or mad. That being so, what did it mean? and what was in the sealed iron chest?

The whole thing baffled and puzzled me to such an extent that at last I could stand it no longer, and determined to sleep over it. So I jumped up, and having put the keys and the letter that Vincey had left away into my despatch-box, and stowed the iron chest in a large portmanteau, I turned in, and was soon fast asleep.

As it seemed to me, I had only been asleep for a few minutes when I was awakened by somebody calling me. I sat up and rubbed my eyes; it was broad daylight—eight o'clock, in fact.

"Why, what is the matter with you, John?" I asked of the gyp who waited on Vincey and myself; "you look as though you had seen a ghost!"

"Yes, sir, and so I have," he answered; "leastways I've seen a corpse, which is worse. I've been in to call Mr. Vincey, as usual, and there he lies stark and dead!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

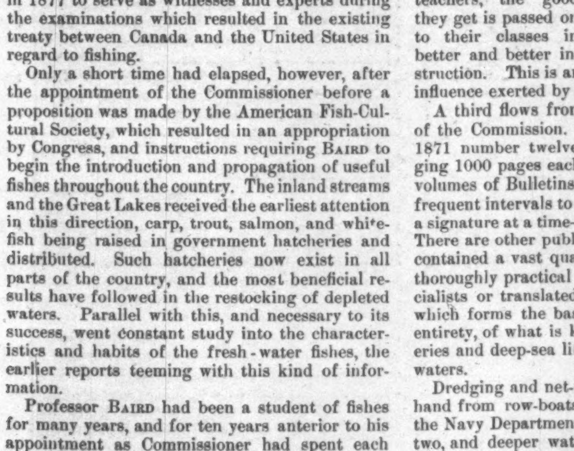
THE NEW QUARTERS OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

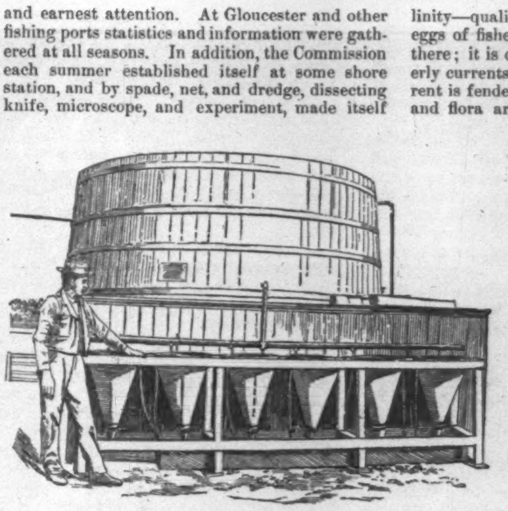
The work of Professor S. F. **Baird** as United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries is popularly thought of mainly as one of propagation and the restocking of vacant streams with fish, but at the beginning the Commission did not mean to undertake any such labor. The duties of the Commissioner were defined by the law of February 9, 1874, creating his office, to be an investigation whether any and what diminution of food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the Union had taken place, and to inform Congress what ought to be done about it.

For three years previously, in fact, **Baird** had been making such investigations privately, and his first official work was to examine into the condition of the fisheries and fishermen of New England. The wide knowledge thus obtained led to the despatch of himself and staff to Halifax in 1877 to serve as witnesses and experts during the examinations which resulted in the existing treaty between Canada and the United States in regard to fishing.

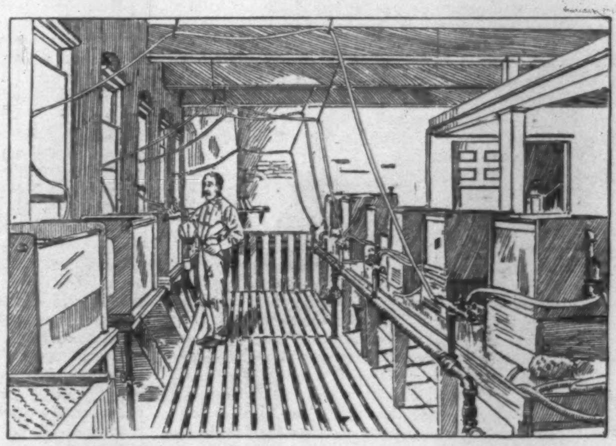
Only a short time had elapsed, however, after the appointment of the Commissioner before a proposition was made by the American Fish-Cultural Society, which resulted in an appropriation by Congress, and instructions requiring **Baird** to begin the introduction and propagation of useful fishes throughout the country. The inland streams and the Great Lakes received the earliest attention in this direction, carp, trout, salmon, and white-fish being raised in government hatcheries and distributed. Such hatcheries now exist in all parts of the country, and the most beneficial results have followed in the restocking of depleted waters. Parallel with this, and necessary to its success, went constant study into the characteristics and habits of the fresh-water fishes, the earlier reports teeming with this kind of information.

Professor **Baird** had been a student of fishes for many years, and for ten years anterior to his appointment as Commissioner had spent each summer in scientific study on the Northern coast. He well knew, therefore, the bulk and value of the sea fisheries of New England, and had been watchful of their decrease in some directions. To these the Commission therefore turned early and earnest attention. At Gloucester and other fishing ports statistics and information were gathered at all seasons. In addition, the Commission each summer established itself at some shore station, and by spade, net, and dredge, dissecting knife, microscope, and experiment, made itself thoroughly acquainted with the whole life of the ocean adjacent to the shores, seeking to discover the breeding, migratory, or feeding habits, the subsistence, enemies, or associates, and the influences generally which affected the presence or absence, plenty or paucity, of all the cetaceans, fishes, mollusks, and crustaceans useful to us. An enormous quantity of specimens of marine life were gathered—hundreds of novel forms every year. These were all properly preserved for the National Museum, while any duplicates obtained were distributed to prominent institutions of learning throughout the country, thus bringing to the assistance of teachers and learners everywhere (and especially in the interior) specimens of many classes of animal life wholly inaccessible to the ordinary collector. Probably half a million specimens have thus been sent out by the National Museum—a fact not generally known.


INVESTIGATORS AT WORK.—Photographed by L. A. Lee.


SHAD-HATCHING.—Photographed by L. A. Lee.

At each summer station a temporary laboratory would be fitted up, where the staff of naturalists and experimenters could work. This staff includes not only those few in pay of the Commission, but many volunteers—special students or teachers in colleges—who were glad to contribute their help in order to get sight of the pelagic zoology and profit by it. This volunteer contingent increases from year to year, to the advantage of the government work, as well as to those who embrace the opportunities offered by the operations of the Commission; and as the latter are principally teachers, the good they get is passed on to their classes in better and better instruction. This is another important educational influence exerted by this bureau.


THE AQUARIA.—Photographed by L. A. Lee.

A third flows from the elaborate publications of the Commission. The Annual Reports since 1871 number twelve illustrated volumes averaging 1000 pages each; since 1881 five illustrated volumes of Bulletins—publications distributed at frequent intervals to persons specially interested, a signature at a time—each containing 500 pages. There are other publications. In these pages is contained a vast quantity of exact scientific and thoroughly practical information, written by specialists or translated from investigators abroad, which forms the basis not only, but almost the entirety, of what is known in regard to the fisheries and deep-sea life of our Atlantic and inland waters.

Dredging and net-towing were at first done by hand from row-boats or hired sail-boats. Then the Navy Department loaned a little steamer or two, and deeper water could be traversed. Finally the Commission got money to build or buy steamers of its own, of which it now has four. One of them (the *Albatross*) is a splendid sea-going vessel of a thousand tons, fitted with every modern appliance for the dredging, sounding, and experimental fishing in the profoundest parts of any ocean. Her work has been mainly in the Gulf Stream, and in the deep waters surrounding the Antilles, and has been highly successful.

To do the oceanic work of the Commission, and take care of its steamers and property, it became necessary to fix upon a settled sea-shore station, and Wood's Holl, at the heel of Cape Cod, was chosen as the best point. The water there is of remarkable clearness and salinity—qualities needful in hatching the delicate eggs of fishes like the cod, which is carried on there; it is comparatively warm, since the southerly currents are drifted in, while the arctic current is fended off by the Cape, and the sea fauna and flora are remarkably rich in consequence. The abundance of aquatic life in Vineyard Sound is amazing. The excellence of the harbor and easy accessibility of the station are also advantages.

Congress granted successive appropriations for preparing the harbor and setting up the buildings which are shown in the illustrations on page 633. A rocky point was surrounded by a massive stone breakwater, which enclosed a basin something over an acre in area, and at the same time formed a harbor of refuge behind which storm-driven vessels could find a safe anchorage. The basin was subdivided into two parts, one of which formed a great cage for keeping large captive fishes whose spawn was wanted, or which it was desired to observe, and the other became a shelter for the small boats, and was occupied by lesser fish pens. Beside this basin were erected a large building intended as a residence and offices for the staff (there were no suitable quarters and scant boarding accommodations in the village), and a commodious laboratory and hatchery. Between the two stands an engine-house and water-tower, where the heating and gas-making apparatus is placed, the powerful pumps which hoist salt-water for the use of the aquaria (healthier and handsomer aquaria do not exist in the world), the hatching-boxes and fire-extinguishing pipes, and the great machines that furnish distilled water for the use of the station and the steamers, and for the support of the fresh-water aquaria. Wharves surround a portion of the basin wall, and will ultimately be extended, so that the whole fleet of the Commission—including the new model fishing schooner *Grampus*, of which much is expected—might lie there at once if desired, while a huge shed contains coal enough for their ordinary supply.

Though the station makes a pleasing appearance, and is as neat and tasteful as the people like to see their governmental quarters, nothing of effectiveness has been sacrificed for ornament; and it is amusing to hear Professor **Baird** recount the ingenuity he resorted to in order to accomplish certain desirable things cheaply enough. The expenditures of the Fish Commission since its organization have amounted to about $3,000,000, and no waste, much less any fraud, has been charged in regard to a dollar. It is doubtful whether even the "private business man," of whom one hears so much nowadays, could have set up this station for what it has cost the government (less than $75,000, all told, if I am not mistaken); and it is certain that no one could manage it more economically, and that no investment of an equal sum by the government is productive of greater or more wide-spread benefit.

Ernest Ingersoll.

A FRATERNAL RIVALRY.

If the Democrats win in the enthusiastic political contest now going on in Tennessee, a son of the Rev. N. G. **Taylor** will be Governor, and if the election is carried by the Republicans, the next Governor will be a son of the same Mr. **Taylor**. Of course there is but one explanation of such a condition of things as this, which is that the rival candidates for the office of Governor of Tennessee are brothers. **Alfred A. Taylor** and **Robert L. Taylor** are the eldest of the Rev. Mr. **Taylor's** six children. The father is an old and well-known minister of the Northern Methodist Church, most of whose life has been passed in the northwestern counties of Tennessee in preaching and farming. In politics he is a Prohibitionist, and at one time it was suggested that he should make a third candidate in this curious contest, running upon a Prohibition ticket in opposition to his two sons. Of the sons, the Democratic candidate is **Robert L. Taylor**, and the Republican **Alfred A. Taylor**. **Robert Taylor** is about thirty-six years of age. His start in politics was made in 1876, when he defeated **Pettibone** for Congress. His reputation as a campaign orator was made at that time, and has been well sustained since. In the canvass which terminated in the election of **Howell E. Jackson** to the United States Senate, **Robert Taylor**, who was the candidate of East Tennessee, lacked but three votes of being himself chosen. He has been East Tennessee's representative in every State contest for the past six years, and is said to be conspicuously the candidate of the young Democracy of the State. He is called a very attractive public speaker, versatile and magnetic, and furnished with an inexhaustible fund of good anecdote. **Alfred Taylor** is said to be more sedate and conservative than his brother. Both are described as men of stalwart mould and good intellect, and as natural orators. Both have black eyes and dark complexions. Since the canvass opened, the two candidates have travelled together, and carried on their discussion of politics in the form of a continued debate. They have spoken several hours daily at the conclusion of journeys which could be made only at the cost of great physical fatigue. It is reported that in one period of seventy-two hours they rested only five hours. The difficulty of their campaigning will be understood when it is said that in order to speak in Woodbury on September 18 they were obliged first to ride forty miles over rough country roads. Their discussion throughout has been conducted with true brotherly amiability, and is described as "a duel of principle, not personality." Each debate has been closed by a duet upon fiddles, the brothers being the performers. It was known in Tennessee that they were skilful players, and the audiences they met among the mountains were not willing to let them go without an exhibition of this very popular accomplishment.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is reported in a North Carolina paper that the companions of a negro boy who had been bitten in the leg by a rattlesnake dug a hole in the ground, placed the sufferer in it, packed him closely round about with mud as high as his waist, and finally carried him to his home in fair health, the poison having been entirely extracted by this treatment.

During the last few months, according to report, at divers times and in divers parts of New England, farmers working in the field have been attracted by the sound of a bell tinkling far up in the air, and have been astonished at learning that the bell-ringer was an eagle, somebody having fastened a bell about the neck of the noble bird. The wonder is that an eagle could have obtained food during several months with such a telltale attached to him. One would think that any prey which was not deaf would have been told very plainly by the bell when it was time to scamper to shelter. It is not reported, however, that the eagle in question was in a bad way, and it is possible that hanging a bell about an eagle's neck is not such a cruelty as it would seem.

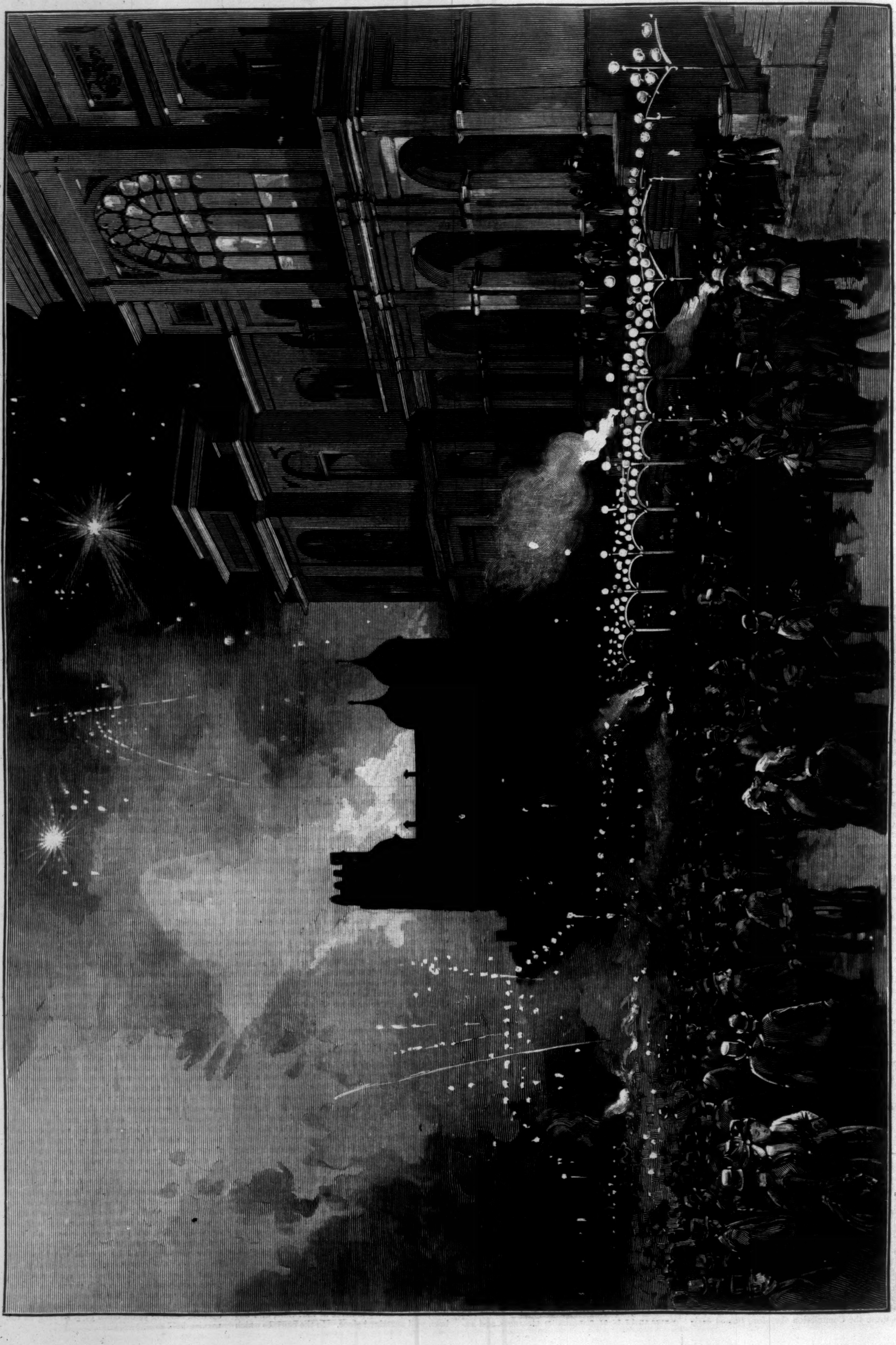
It is reported from Ohio that since the recent earth disturbances a certain well in that State has yielded nothing but vinegar. It is something to to be thankful for not to be told that oil and mustard go along with the vinegar, and that a company has been formed to put the product into barrels and supply the wholesale market with a natural salad dressing.

The deepest Artesian-well in the world is at Pesth. It has reached the depth of 3120 feet, and is not yet finished. At present it yields water of the temperature of 158° Fahrenheit. It is intended that it shall reach such a depth that the water shall have a temperature of 176° Fahrenheit. The well supplies 176,000 gallons of water daily.

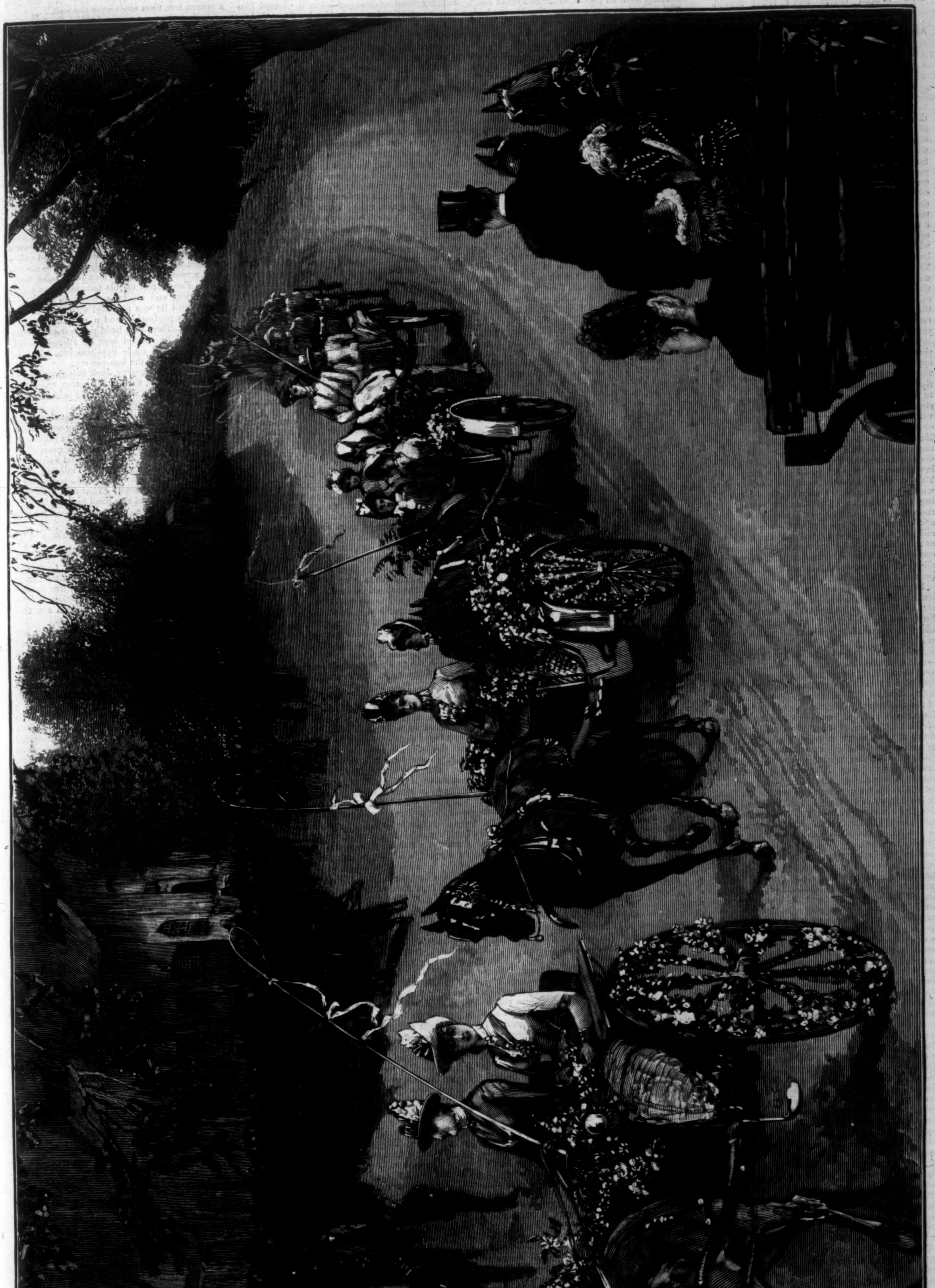
A bench in the kitchen of an English farmer is made of oak that did duty as a roof beam in a church for three hundred and sixty-four years, and that has been in the shape of a bench since the year 1824.

Harvard is more venerable than a number of German universities which are famous. The University of Halle was founded in 1694, that of Breslau in 1702, of Göttingen in 1737, Berlin in 1810, and Bonn in 1818, all being younger than Harvard, which was founded in 1636. The oldest of the German-speaking universities is that of Prague, which was founded in 1348; the next is that of Vienna, founded in 1365; and Heidelberg, founded in 1386, is the third, and is the oldest university in the German Empire.

English newspaper reporters are a long way behind the reporters out West in rounding out occurrences by means of powerful description, and making them seem of more importance than would attach to them if it were not for the reporters' assistance; still, that the English reporters are not without spirit in their art is occasionally made manifest. One, in describing a meeting held recently in an English town, declares that the seats had been newly varnished, and that "there was almost a panic at the conclusion of the meeting, when the audience found that they were unable to rise." "Almost a panic" is a neat stroke here. If there had been quite a panic in the circumstances, it would undoubtedly have been one of the safest and most satisfactory panics ever recorded. A congregation fixed firmly at intervals upon benches by means of varnish could be relied upon to give way to panic with the least serious results possible. Probably the entire meeting could be carried out bench by bench, with the utmost care and deliberation, before the panicky feeling could run into any dangerous expression. Even with the wildest disposition on the part of the congregation to heap themselves together and trample one another underfoot, nothing could come of it so long as the varnish held firm.



A NIGHT SCENE AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham and W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 639.]



THE "TUB PARADE" AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 22.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 642.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

About six o'clock in the morning, when, at this time of year, it is already daylight, there marched down the High Street of Wapping a company seen there often enough in the evening, when they are expected and men are prepared for them, but seldom so early. Who, indeed, expects a Press-gang at daybreak? The party consisted of a dozen sailors, armed each with a short cudgel, and a Lieutenant in command, with a drawn cutlass. With the officer walked a tall man, young, bareheaded, and strangely attired in a ragged knitted waistcoat, tattered breeches tied up with a string and loose at the knees, and yet with white silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and, on one side only, powdered hair. The streets at this time are already full of those who are hastening to the day's work; most of the houses are open, and the maids are at the doors twirling their mops, or at the windows throwing open the shutters; or, in the more genteel houses, they are plastering the door-steps with yellow ochre.

'Twas indeed the Press-gang, more dreaded than revenue officers or Bow Street runners, and its appearance at this early hour caused everywhere the liveliest curiosity and the greatest consternation. Those who met them either stopped still to look after them, their faces full of apprehension, or they ran into open houses, or they fled without a word, or they turned into a side street or court, for fear of being taken for sailors. Many of those who fled were landsmen and honest mechanics, because, when the Press is hot, it does not always respect landsmen, although the law is peremptory against taking any but sailors. This company, however, paid no heed to any, whether they ran or whether they stood, marching along without attempting to seize them, though some of the men were Thames watermen, and others were lightermen, and some dockmen, and others mere river pirates and plunderers, or, as they call them, receivers, copemen, rat-catchers, coopers, mud-larks, light horsemen, and lumpers, all of whom have been held to be sailors within the meaning of the Act.

Presently the man in rags, who seemed to be leading the party, stopped and looked about him.

"Ay," he said, "I believe this to be the house. Now, my lads, steady all; for we have 'em, neat and tidy, just as if they were so many rats caught in a bag."

As soon as the people in the street understood—this took them no long time—that the Press (out, no doubt, on some special and unusual business of the greatest importance) was actually going to visit the crimp's house, probably in search of the malingerers, deserters, or cowardly skulkers often lying there, in hope to be snug and out of the way, there was a lively curiosity. For skulkers these people entertain a mingled curiosity and contempt—the former on account of their cunning at disguise and hiding, and the latter because, the sea being their trade, they will not bravely follow it. The workman, no longer fearful of his own safety, stopped to look on, his tools in his bag, careless if he should be late at his shop; the waterman, who, at first sight of the party, trembled for himself, stopped on his way to the Stairs where he plied, though he might thereby lose an early fare, and stood curious to see what might happen, blowing into his fingers to keep them warm; the maids came out from the house doors and stood around, mop in hand, expressing at first their opinions of the Press, without any fear of the Lieutenant, or respect to authority—there are certainly no such enemies of good government as the women. But when these honest girls found that the Press was not come to carry off their lovers, but in order to visit the house about which there was so much mystery, and concerning which there were told so many stories, they stopped their abuse, and waited to see what would come of it. Within those barred windows strange things were carried on. Terrible stories are told of crimps' houses. Fearful sounds had been heard proceeding from this house; shrieks and cries for mercy, and the trampling of feet! Sometimes there was singing, with laughter, and the noise of men making merry over drink; sometimes there were loud quarrels, with the noise of fighting. Those who entered this house were generally carried in; those who came out were generally carried out. It was said that sometimes those who were carried out were not drunk, but dead; and that they were not put into the boat to be shipped on board an East Indiaman, but to be dropped into the river at mid-stream, with a stone tied to their feet. Therefore the crowd, which increased every moment, looked on with satisfaction. They might now be enabled to see for themselves what manner of house this was.

"I think, sir," said Jack to the Lieutenant in command, "that if you would leave two men at the door, we can with the remainder very easily dispose of the rogues in the house, whether they are awake or asleep."

The house was not astir yet; the door was not yet opened; the shutters of the ground-floor windows were not yet thrown back. It looked, in the broad daylight, a dirty, disgraceful den; the doors and shutters black with dirt and want of paint; the windows of the upper stories seemed as if they had never been cleaned since they had first been put up, and some of the panes of glass were broken.

"If they are awake, they will fight," said Jack. "But they have no pistols, so far as I could see."

The door yielded to a push. The Parson had, therefore, left the door as if Jack had escaped by unlocking and unbarring it.

Jack led the way upstairs, and threw open the door of the room in which he had so nearly met a horrid and violent death. Behold! All the men were lying just as they had fallen, some on their faces, some on their backs, their mouths open, and breathing heavily. The fire was out, and the air of the place was horribly close and ill-smelling.

"Here they are," said Jack, as the Lieutenant followed him. "Saw one ever lustier rogues? Here is a haul for you."

"They are dressed like sailors," said the Lieutenant, looking at them with curiosity and misgiving. "But I doubt it. I have never known crimps' men to be sailors. Mostly this sort are river-side rogues, and to take them on board would only be to put into the fo'k'sle so many past-masters in all villany."

"That is true," Jack replied, "and I doubt they will want continual smartening from the bo's'n; and such mutinous dogs that they will at first spend half their time in the triangles. Yet if you refuse them I must needs have them hanged; and this I am not, I confess, willing to do, because there is one other who must then hang with them. And I would not, if I could avoid it, compass his death."

"Then I will press them," said the Lieutenant, making up his mind. "Ready with the handcuffs! Stand by! Handcuff every man!"

The sailors pulled them up one after the other, waking them with kicks and cuffs, and made each man safe. Thus, shaken violently out of their sleep, they stood gazing stupidly at each other, still only half awake, and not knowing what had befallen them, or where they were, or anything at all.

"Bring them down-stairs, and into the open," the Lieutenant commanded. "Rouse up every one of them with the pump. Now for the rest of the house."

"I believe there are no other sailors here," said Jack; "only two or three poor devils in hiding till they can be shipped for the East Indies."

The men went through the house, and presently returned, bringing four or five prisoners—namely, the recruits of the Company. A most valuable addition they would have made to the service, truly, for a more scarecrow, terrified crew could not be found anywhere. As for the 'prentice, a white-faced puny wretch, who had robbed his master's till, at the sight of the officer with a drawn sword, and the men, their faces fierce and unrelenting, standing round, he immediately imagined that they were all come for his own arrest, and that this was the first step toward Newgate and the gallows. Wherefore he fell upon his knees blubbering.

"Alas!" he cried. "I am a miserable sinner. I confess all. I have robbed my master. Oh! let me have mercy. Let me live, and I will pay all back. Only let me live!" And so on, as if the noose was already ready for him, and the rope hitched to the gallows.

The next was a sturdier rogue. He would have been hanged for coining false money had he been caught. But he understood that a company of sailors is not sent forth to arrest men charged with civil offences. Therefore, and in order to save his neck, he very readily volunteered, and, being a brisk, smart lad, though a rogue from childhood, and a thief, forger, coiner, and pickpocket, I dare say he turned out as good a sailor as can be expected of a landsman; and if he could not go aloft to bend or reef a sail, he could help to man a gun and carry a pike. The third man was the deserter, who represented himself as a man milliner, and was suffered to go free, because milliners are of little use on a man-o'-war; the next was a bankrupt, once a substantial tradesman, who had ruined himself with drink and vicious courses, and came voluntarily to the crimp's to be enlisted in the Company's service, in order to escape his creditors. But his face was so puffed and purple with drink, his limbs so trembled beneath him, that I doubt whether he would have lasted the voyage. There was another, whose wife was a termagant, and extravagant to boot, and he was flying from her and from her debts. He, too, offered to volunteer, saying that he would rather dwell with the devil than with his wife; but the Lieutenant would not have him. And another there was who was a broken gamester, a gentleman by birth, and a physician from Glasgow University, a native of Jamaica, where he had at first a good fortune, but was now fallen from his former condition, without friends, estate, or money, and held no other hope except to take service with the Company. There were one or two others, but all of them, except the false coiner, the Lieutenant, without inquiring further into their characters or their histories, ordered to go about their business; but as for the 'prentice, who still blubbered that he was a repentant sinner, and asked permission only to live, he fetched him a box o' the ears and a kick, and bade him go his way and be hanged.

This poor wretch, who had been torn partly with terror at the thought of going to the Indies to fight, being a desperate coward, and partly with remorse, made haste to obey the Lieutenant, and departed; and what became of him, whether he went to his master and confessed and obtained pardon, or whether he was thrown into Newgate and hanged, or whether he fell into worse courses, I know not—"The way of transgressors," saith Holy Writ, "is hard."

There remained the Parson, who said nothing, but waited patiently for his fate.

"As for this man," said Jack, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "he is my prisoner. Leave him to me."

This, then, was Jack's revenge. He might have seen the men swing—and they deserved nothing short of hanging—but it pleased him better to think of these fat, tender-skinned, delicate, overfed, and drunken rogues, as cowardly as they were pampered, howling under the lash, and mutinously grumbling under the discipline of a King's ship. They were mere landsmen, who had never been to sea at all, even if they had ever been on board a ship (if they had, it was only to look for something to steal). But they had lived on the river-side all their lives, and knew the talk of sailors; and they equipped themselves—a part of their trade—in slops and round jackets, the better to decoy their victims.

The men were still so stupid with the drug they had taken that they understood nothing of what was done until they had first had their heads held under the pump for a quarter of an hour. Then they began to remember what had happened; and, seeing their late prisoner with the party of captors, they cast rueful looks at one another, and, like the poor 'prentice, looked for nothing short of Newgate, and for the fatal cart and the ride to Tyburn—which, indeed, for this and many other crimes, they richly deserved.

It would have gone hard with Aaron had this been the destination intended for them by their victim. Nothing is more distasteful to a rogue than to hang alone, when his brother rogues have escaped. It offends his sense of justice. Perhaps, however, the going out of the world in so violent a manner, in company with an old friend, is felt to be less cold and comfortless than to go alone. But Aaron, as well as these men, was reserved for another fate.

This business despatched, and the men, now fully awake, drawn up two and two in readiness to march, Jack addressed them with great courtesy, though the sailors of the Press grinned and put tongue in cheek.

"Gentlemen," he said, "last night your honors were good enough to offer me the hospitality of your house; you also debated very seriously whether you should not murder me; that you did not do so is the cause why your honors are now handcuffed. You will go with these honest sailors, and you will thank me henceforth every day of your lives for my goodness in getting you impressed. Such brave lads as you will rejoice to run up aloft in a gale of wind; and the enemy's shot you will value no more than a waterman's jest. You are so smart that the bo's'n's supple-jack will never curl about your shoulders, nor his rope's-end make your fat legs jump. As to drink, I fear there has been more punch served out in this house than is good for your health; that is better ordered aboard. And it will do your honors good to see each other made fast to the triangles while the cat-o'-nine-tails sweetly tickles his fat back. Perhaps you fresh-water sailors know not the tickling of the cat. Gentlemen, you have a truly happy life before you. I wish your honors farewell."

It was the first speech Jack ever made. If it was not eloquent, it was to the point and intelligible.

I do not think that the fellows understood one word of what he said, being fully possessed with the belief that they were going to Newgate and afterward to be hanged. And when they presently found themselves taken on board the tender and shoved below-deck, and understood that they were pressed for sailors, at first they grinned with joy. One who is threatened with death counts escape on any conditions, even the hardest, a thing to be welcomed with joy unspeakable. But when they discovered, after a few days' experience on board, what was meant by service at sea—a life of little ease, hard work and short time for sleep, and rough food, with the kicks and contempt which all true man-o'-war's-men show for lubbers, a limited ration of rum, and the necessity of immediate obedience—some of them fell into despair, and would skulk below till they were driven upward by the bo's'n's supple-jack and the gunner's rattan, and these laid on in no stinted or niggard spirit. Some became mutinous and insubordinate; none of them knew anything of a seaman's duties, in spite of their sailor's dress, and were useless save for the simplest work. Therefore it naturally came to pass that before long, one after another, they were tied up and soundly trounced, whereupon, their backs being soft and tender and unused to the lash, and their dispositions cowardly, and being ignorant of discipline and respect to their officers, when prayers for pity failed, they fell to cursing the Captain and the Lieutenants, the bo's'n, and the ship's crew, shrieking and screaming like mad women. So that they staid where they were for another six dozen, and this admonition and instruction were repeated until they were finally made to understand that a man-o'-war is not a crimp's house, nor a tavern at Wapping, where every man can call for what he chooses, sleep as long as he pleases, and take his pleasure; but a place where work has to be done, orders must be obeyed, and punishment in default is as certain as the striking of eight bells. Whether any of them ever returned I know not, but the house was broken up and their old occupation was destroyed, though no doubt other crimps' houses were soon established in their place.

When the Press-gang were gone, there remained Jack, still in his rags, and the unlucky recruits.

"As for you fellows," he said, "my advice is, sheer off. This house is closed. There is no more shelter for you here. Go and hide elsewhere."

"Where shall we go?" asked the poor gamester. "Here at least we got meat and drink. Whither shall we go?"

They obeyed, however, and went out together, parting at the door and skulking away in different directions, perhaps to be picked up by another crimp.

"Brother," said Jack to the Parson, "come with me. First let me put on my own clothes, and then we will find a lodging for thee. Thou hast saved my life. Therefore, so long as I have a guinea left, thou shalt have the half."

At first the poor man refused. He burst into tears, declaring that kindness was thrown away upon a wretch so disgraced and degraded as himself; that it would be better for him to stay where he was, and to receive with resignation the evils which he had brought upon his own head. "What," he asked, "can be done for a man for whose apprehension a reward is offered and the hue-and-cry is out?"

"Hark ye, brother," Jack repeated, "thou hast saved my life. If thou wilt not come with me willingly, hang me but I will drag thee along! What! wouldst remain alone in this den? Come, I say, and be treated for thine own good. What! There was no robbery, after all. As for the hue-and-cry, leave that to me. I will tackle the hue-and-cry, which I value not an inch of rogues' yarn."

I do not know what he understood by the hue-and-cry, or how he was going to tackle it; but being always a masterful man, who would ever have his own way, he overcame the Parson's scruples, and presently had him away and safely bestowed in a tavern at Aldgate, where he engaged a room for him, and sent for a tailor, making the Parson put off his tattered cassock and his old wig, and sit in a nightcap and shirt sleeves until he was provided with clothes suitable to his profession, and a wig such as proclaimed it. Then Jack bade him rest quiet a day or two, and be careful how he stirred abroad, while he himself made inquiries into his case, and this matter of the hue-and-cry.

So they, too, went away, Jack being restored to his own garments, though his purse, containing four or five guineas, was not in his pocket. And now the house was empty.

One thing remains to be told about this eventful day. In the evening, work being over, Aaron Fletcher was sitting alone, his pipe in his mouth, in the cottage where he lived, at the gates of his boat-building yard. He was in good spirits, because the Lieutenant was reported missing. Perhaps he was dead. It would be the best thing in the world, if he was dead. What then? No one could say that he had any hand in it.

"Aaron!" cried a voice he knew—"Aaron Fletcher, open the door!"

Aaron obeyed, his cheeks ashy white, and his heart in his boots.

"Aaron," said the Lieutenant, "or Cain the murderer, if you like the name better, there was, last night, a purse in my pocket, containing, as near as I can remember, the sum of five guineas and a crown. Your friends have taken it from me. Give me back those five guineas and that crown."

"What friends? I know nothing about any friends or any five guineas. What mean you? I know nothing about the matter. It was not I that knocked you on the head, Lieutenant."

"Why—see—you are self-convicted and condemned. Who spoke of knocking on the head? How should you know what was done unless you were one of them? Five guineas, Aaron, and a crown, or"—here he swore a great oath—"you go before the magistrate to-morrow with your friends the crimp's men, and answer to the charge of highway robbery, and thence to Newgate. And so, in due time, to Tyburn in a comfortable cart. Five guineas, Aaron."

Aaron lugged out his purse and counted five guineas, which he handed over to Jack without a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

CAPTORS AND CAPTURED.

This number of the Weekly contains portraits of General Nelson A. Miles and his staff, mounted; of Captain H. W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, who conducted the successful pursuit of the Chiricahuas; and of Geronimo and Natchez, the two most famous hostile chiefs.

Natchez, hereditary chief of the Chiricahuas, is the son of the renowned Cochise, one of the ablest warriors this band of Apaches ever produced. Since the death of Cochise in 1874, two years after his surrender, Geronimo has come to the front as a war chief, and in all his murderous campaigns the crafty and tricky chief has shown soldiership of a high order. Ten years ago he took a prominent part, with Chief Juh, in an escapade marked with murders, and culminating as usual with a flight into Sonora. Thence he returned quietly to the reservation. The following year, 1877, he broke out again, and running a lawless career until the end of 1878, surrendered in 1879, and was again received on the reservation. In 1881 he broke out a third time, and with Chatto and Nana began a raid full of atrocities. General Crook at last, with Captain Crawford's command, surprised the Indians in the Sierra Madres, where they surrendered, and were as usual escorted to the reservation. Geronimo was able to escape a fourth time in the spring of 1885, and pursued his favorite career of murdering unarmed men, women, and children, until General Miles put an end to it.

Lieutenant Davis, who had charge of the Indians when they escaped in 1885, ascribes their outbreak then to getting drunk on tiswin. He says that they expected to be punished for this in some way, and so came to him to ask what he was going to do. He replied that he would report the matter to General Crook. They did not wait for the result, but took to the war-path, Mangus and Geronimo working upon the apprehensions of Natchez and Chihuahua. They had plenty of rifles and ammunition, and helped themselves from the ranches to all the stock and saddles they needed. It is clearly time to put an end to these performances, which have been going on for so many years, half the time on the reservation, with government rations, and half the time on the war-path, with the plunder of ranches whose peaceful owners were butchered with fiendish atrocities. No part of General Miles's work in Arizona is more satisfactory than his insisting on gathering up all the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians, nearly five hundred in number, and packing them off to Florida. Only by breaking up and absolutely clearing the nest was safety possible for Arizona. "Reform within the reservation" was a practicable policy for other Indians, but not for the Chiricahuas.

General Miles, aided by his accomplished staff, conducted the campaign with the greatest vigor and good judgment. The Territory was distributed into sections for thorough patrolment. The valuable resources of heliography were brought into play. Signal detachments were kept on the highest peaks to communicate all intelligence. Infantry was used in constant hunting through the mountains and occupying passes. Cavalry was made ready for scouting by supplying relays of horses. The most rigid precautions were taken to prevent the hostiles from getting ammunition from their friends on the reservations. The scouting system was reorganized, so as to have only the most trustworthy as well as capable Indians employed in it. Co-operating commands drove the hostiles across the line into Mexico, where Lawton's force of scouts kept at Geronimo without rest until the fugitives were worn out. "I have all confidence in his ability and untiring energy," wrote General Miles of Captain Lawton; and in fact, after a pursuit of thousands of miles, lasting from April into August, the resolute and unflinching subordinate was able to send word to General Miles to come and make terms for the surrender. Captain Lawton entered the volunteer army in April, 1861, as a sergeant of the Ninth Indiana Infantry, and at the end of the war had become Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment. Then he entered the regular service as Second-Lieutenant of Infantry, and was transferred to the Cavalry in 1870. During the last seven years he has been Captain of Company B, Fourth Cavalry, and was much esteemed for his soldierly qualities by General R. S. Mackenzie, on whose staff, we believe, he served. In his great pursuit of Geronimo, Lawton "kept him shooting until he had nothing left to shoot with," as General Stanley once expressed it; and it was no doubt their lack of ammunition that largely influenced the surrender of the Apaches. When once Geronimo and his son Chappa came in, and the hereditary chief Natchez followed, the campaign was crowned with complete success.

ELIHU ROOT.

Mr. Elihu Root on September 21 was elected Chairman of the Republican County Committee of New York, in place of Hon. Levi P. Morton, who had refused to accept the Chairmanship. Mr. Root, who is now forty-one years of age, was born in Madison County, New York. By teaching he paid his way through Hamilton College, where his father was a member of the faculty. He was well prepared for the law, and became a successful and even prominent lawyer in this city at an uncommonly early age. Ten years ago he had already attained such prominence in his profession as to be counsel for a number of large corporations, the Bank of North America and the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company among others. In 1879 he was nominated by the Republican County Convention for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and though he was defeated, he polled a very large vote, a good part of which was cast as a personal compliment to him. President Arthur appointed him United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and he held this position with credit to himself until President Cleveland's appointee succeeded him. In 1871 Mr. Root was prominently identified with the reform movement in the Republican party. He has always been a Republican, but never a politician in the sense that he has made politics his business or got a livelihood by it.

Portraits of the prominent personages of the Republican County Committee, who are the "boys" of the "machine," were published in the Weekly in June, and a description of the methods by which the "machine" has been managed. With this kind of politics and this kind of politicians Mr. Root has never had anything to do. His election to the Chairmanship of the Committee is therefore a new departure in recent years for the Committee. He has gained prominence through his profession and not by practical political work.

THE CHAMPION ATHLETE.

Athletic sports in this country have advanced rapidly within a decade, and in many important branches the American records are also the world's records. This result has been attained by the pursuit of specialties; but while most athletes generally addict themselves to one particular branch, there are among them those who are "all 'round." Thus it is that so many men perform so well at all field games. To obtain the title of champion all-'round athlete one needs to be far above the standard at a variety of games, and to possess in a high degree strength, endurance, and courage. That these qualities are possessed by Mr. Malcolm W. Ford is evident from the remarkable record which he made on September 18, when he won the championship for the second time from a field of competitors of acknowledged ability.

Mr. Ford is really an athlete in the old Greek rather than in the modern sense. His physical development has not been attained by sacrificing one set of muscles to another, but is uniform and symmetrical, and he combines strength of limb, fleetness of foot, agility, and unsurpassed lung power. He is a resident of Brooklyn, is twenty-four years old, 5 feet 6½ inches tall, and weighs about 145 pounds. He first became pronounced as an athlete at the sports of the New York Athletic Club about five years ago, when he engaged in the short-distance running races. Although a novice, he showed great speed, and he rapidly improved until he became "scratch" man in all handicaps in which he took part. Early in his career he won the diamond badge given by Mr. Herman Oelrichs for 220 yards running, and he also won the Travers diamond medal for 100 yards racing. In 1884 he was the representative of the New York Athletic Club in the sprint races at the annual championship meeting, where he won the 100 yards race and also the broad jump. The next year he won the 100 yards and 220 yards races and the broad jump, it being the third consecutive year in which he proved champion at the latter sport. At the last championship meeting he again proved victorious at his favorite branches, and became the first man to win the broad jump four years in succession.

Unlike many other famous athletes, Mr. Ford has not a long string of broken records to his credit, but his performances have all been worthy of recognition. But his standing jump without weights, in which he cleared 10 feet 9¾ inches, has never been approached by an amateur. His feat of clearing 34 feet 4½ inches in three standing jumps is also the best on record in the world for an amateur. In vaulting with one hand on a bar he has cleared 5 feet 3¾ inches—a feat never equalled.

In the competition, September 18, to decide the all-'round championship of America, Mr. Ford ran 100 yards in 10⅖ seconds; a quarter of a mile in 54⅕ seconds; 120 yards, over 10 hurdles 3 feet 6 inches high, in just over 17⅖ seconds; threw a 56-pound weight 19 feet 4½ inches; cleared 5 feet 5⅞ inches in a high jump; put a 16-pound shot from the shoulder 36 feet 7¾ inches; vaulted with a pole 9 feet 3 inches; threw a 16-pound hammer 76 feet 4 inches; and cleared 20 feet 10 inches in the broad jump. The competition was decided by allowing five points to the winner of a single event, three points to second man, and one point to third man. Mr. Ford secured forty-one points in nine competitions, and being thus assured of the championship, did not compete in the two other events.

JAMES R. LUDLOW.

Judge James R. Ludlow, who died at his residence in Philadelphia September 20, at the age of sixty-one, had been continuously a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in that city for twenty-nine years, having been first elected by the Democratic party in 1857, and then twice afterward re-elected, in 1867 and 1877. On the last-mentioned occasion, as a fitting reward for his twenty years of faithful service on the bench, he received the nominations of the Republican and the Democratic conventions, and received the full vote of both parties. When the constitution of 1873 went into effect, and an additional judge for the Common Pleas bench was authorized, Judge Ludlow became the President Judge of Court No. 3, which position he held at the time of his death. The only defeat which Judge Ludlow ever sustained at the polls was in itself a triumph, for having in 1873 received the Democratic nomination for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, he ran nine thousand votes ahead of his ticket in the city of Philadelphia, and was defeated in the State at large by a much smaller majority than any of the other Democratic candidates. Throughout his long career on the bench Judge Ludlow at all times sustained his reputation as a learned jurist and an impartial administrator of justice. His death, which followed an illness of several months, was due to an affection of the heart, said to have been brought about by overwork.

HENRY GEORGE.

Seven years ago a book entitled *Progress and Poverty*, published in San Francisco, created a stir throughout the country. It dealt with the old problem of labor and capital, which it treated, especially in its relations to the ownership of land and the obligations and functions of government, in a striking way. Its author, Mr. Henry George, then about forty years old, became at once a man of note, and after a remarkable subsequent career on both sides of the Atlantic, was nominated on the 23d of September by a Conference of the Labor and Trades organizations as their candidate for Mayor of New York.

Born in Philadelphia September 2, 1839, of English stock, Mr. George was educated in the public schools of that city until the age of fourteen, when he found employment for a short time in a mercantile house, and then went to sea for several years, beginning as cabin-boy. Next he learned the trade of a printer in his native city, but before his apprenticeship was completed he sailed for California, thence went with a prospecting party to British Columbia, and finally settled down steadily, at the age of twenty-seven, to work at his trade in San Francisco. From a compositor he became a reporter, and finally managing editor of the *Post* of that city. In this paper he bitterly attacked the management of the Pacific Railroad and other corporations, lost his position, and then joined with others to found a weekly paper called the *State*. This had a precarious life, marked, however, by Mr. George's anti-monopoly opinions. While on the *Post* he had been a delegate to the Baltimore Convention of 1872 which nominated Mr. Greeley, and in 1876 he spoke for Mr. Tilden, and the following year obtained a position under the city government of San Francisco, where he found leisure to write and to bring out the work which proved the foundation of his celebrity.

The following year—1880—Mr. George came to New York and made speeches for General Hancock's candidacy. In 1881 he went to Ireland as the correspondent of the *Irish World*, and was twice arrested as a suspect in small villages of Galway, but was promptly released on both occasions through the intervention of the American consul. On his return to this country he received a public dinner at Delmonico's. In 1883 he lectured through England for the English Land Reform Association, and in 1885 through Scotland for the Scottish Land Restoration League. Well-known pamphlets of his are *The Irish Land Question*, *Social Problems*, and *Protection and Free-Trade*. He is connected with the Typographical Union and is a Knight of Labor.

Mr. George is short, stout, with reddish beard and hair, rather careless in his attitude and pose before an audience, but holding his hearers by energetic and striking phrases. He married Miss Mary Fox, of Australia, and they have two sons and two daughters.

FESTIVITIES AT ST. LOUIS.

Since September 8, when its Grand Annual Exposition was opened, literally with a great flourish of trumpets—Signor Liberati, the renowned cornetist, leading the trumpeters—St. Louis has been and is to-day undergoing a season of unusual and pleasurable excitement. There have been more strangers within her gates during the past three weeks than in any equal length of time in the city's history. The throng was the largest and the excitement at its highest pitch during the progress of the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templars last week. It was then that the public festivities assumed such proportions that the conduct of the music connected therewith passed beyond the province of merely local leadership, and was intrusted to the national baton of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, who marshalled an army of 3000 musicians, and assumed musical command of the Exposition.

The presence in any city of the United States of the Knights Templars of America in Triennial Conclave assembled insures an overcrowding of the favored city, and a season of general public excitement; and when this important event coincides with the progress of a popular State Exposition, as is the case at St. Louis, the result must of necessity occasion unusually stirring and exciting times. St. Louis has not been herself for many days. The illustration on another page shows a night scene in front of the Exposition Building during the stay of the Knights Templars. The famous Flambeau Battalion of St. Louis is aiding in making the night brilliant, and thousands of people from all parts of the country are pouring into the great fair.

As has been said, this Exposition was opened September 8; it will be continued until October 24, making a continuous season of forty-six days. The Knights Templars, after a very successful Conclave, have put spurs to their steeds and scattered to the four quarters of the land, but much that is interesting is promised for performance before St. Louis's "Grand Autumnal Festival" is brought to a close. For example, next week promises a variety of attractions. On Tuesday, October 5, the annual pageant of the Veiled Prophets is to take place, followed by a ball in the evening; and Thursday is to be a general holiday in the city. Gilmore concerts on a magnificent scale are to be given by day and at night, with the Anvil Chorus to be picturesquely rendered by the famous Busch Zouaves. Before the festival is brought to a close by the chill days of late October, there are to be public receptions, flower displays, Old Folks' concerts, German Singing Society contests, and renderings of the Anvil Chorus by several other Missouri military organizations in pleasant rivalry of the Busch Zouaves.

"GENERAL" BOOTH.

The success of the Salvation Army has been so decided that its recent statistics will surprise those who have not carefully observed its operations. Last year the head of the Army, General Booth, reported seventeen countries occupied, ten hundred and fifty corps (whatever that term may mean), two thousand six hundred and fifty paid officers, and twenty-two publications, of which nineteen are newspapers. The satisfaction of the Queen of England has been formally expressed to General Booth that he has won so many thousands of her subjects to temperance, virtue, and religion. The heads of the Church of England have seriously considered the question how to connect the Salvation Army and its work with the state Church. Canon Farrar has made the Army the topic of one of his eloquent discourses in Westminster Abbey. So that despite the criticism—much of it just, some of it unjust—which the General and his followers have received, their progress, at least throughout Europe, is one of the facts which cannot easily be set side. It will be of interest, therefore, to the readers of Harper's Weekly to know something of the man who is the leader of this body and the organizer of its peculiar methods of work.

William Booth is a native of Nottingham, England, where he was born in the year 1829. While quite a youth he became a Methodist, and in accordance with Methodist customs was licensed as a local preacher while still engaged in a secular occupation. This was in 1846, when he was only seventeen years of age. At the age of twenty-four he entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connection, one of the smallest of the Wesleyan bodies of England. He became quickly noted for his success as an evangelist, and his services as an evangelist were in constant demand. After serving in circuits according to the rules of the New Connection conference until 1861, he requested in that year to be made an evangelist for the country at large. This request being refused, he resigned his membership in that body, and proceeded to carry out his plans independently and in his own way.

The first scene of his independent evangelism was Cornwall, where he and Mrs. Booth spent two entire years. Their success in Cornwall was so great that there was no lack of invitations from all parts of England. In 1865 he directed his attention to the poor of the East End of London. His first preaching was in the open air, on a piece of waste land. Here, as elsewhere, great changes were wrought in the character of the people who crowded to hear him. "They belonged," says an English writer, "to the outcasts of mankind—navvies, sailors, gypsies, drunkards, thieves, dog-fanciers, the roughest, wildest, most ignorant, and degraded of the population of London." That hundreds and thousands of these persons have been changed in heart and life there can be no question. The drunkards have quit their drinking, thieves try to live honestly, and the rough, degraded inhabitants of this part of London have shown unmistakable signs of submission to the laws of civilization. Some of these converts became very quickly effective though rough public speakers, and by their homely way of describing the change wrought in themselves persuaded many of their companions to go with them.

The rules given by Mr. Booth to these helpers were that they should hold meetings out-of-doors, marching singing through the streets; that they should visit public-houses, gin-shops, and like places of common resort, exhorting and praying with all whom they could reach; that they should use popular song tunes, and the plainest speech; and finally that every convert should be set at once to work.

Necessity compelled some form of organization, and the organization was effected in 1878, the name "Salvation Army" being chosen by Mr. Booth himself. Mr. Booth now became General Booth; his soldiers were put into uniform. They are organized under the care of majors, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; their places of meeting are termed "barracks"; their praying is known as "knee drill."

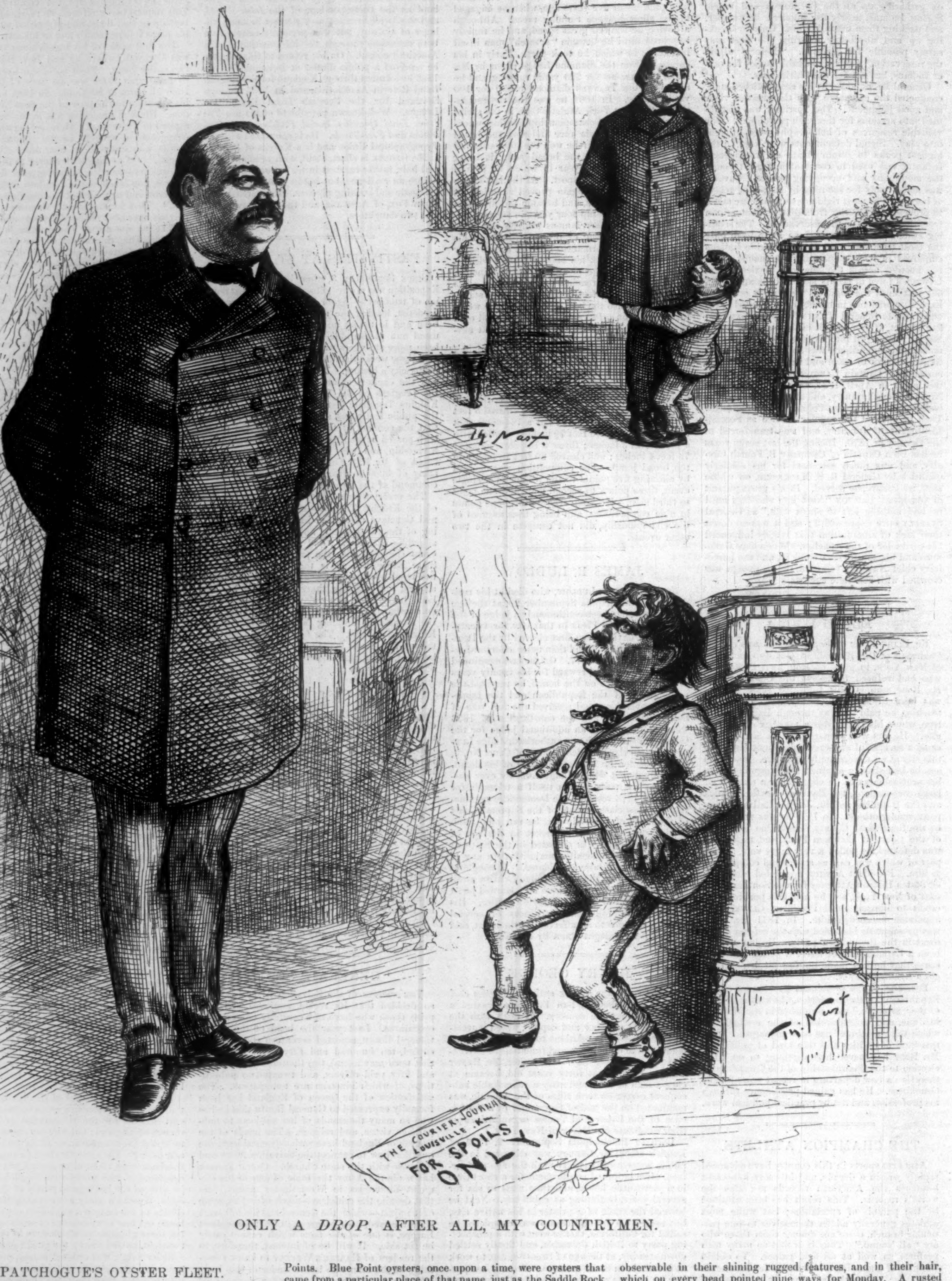
All this seems fanciful, but it accomplishes results which might not be reached readily in any other way. The sergeant, whose office resembles that of the Methodist class-leader, takes care of the converts, and especially watches over their mode of living. Captains hold the public services in well-defined districts. The majors, who correspond to the Methodist presiding elders, have charge of districts. This system is no doubt in its way despotic. The word of command must be obeyed, but perhaps it is the best conceivable system for the rough population with which the Salvation Army has to deal. The theology in which the members of the Army are instructed is the theology of Methodism. In this respect General Booth has made no departure from his old associations. He left the Methodist New Connection in order to find a broader field; whatever novelties he has originated pertain to the methods of his work, not to the substance of his teaching.

This is an important point, and its importance has not been sufficiently appreciated by some of General Booth's critics. We might have had in the Salvation Army an outbreak of religious fanaticism; but underneath all the eccentricities and extravagances of the Salvationists there is to be found New Testament truth. To be sure, some of their phrases and terms are simply shocking. To hear them speak of "hallelujah lassies," "hallelujah merry-go-rounds," and a "hallelujah free-and-easy" is enough to repel every man of intelligence and sober common-sense.

Their music, so called, is very often nothing more than ear-splitting noise. Their singing processions are as grotesque as a circus parade. But if beneath all this there be a sober purpose to do men good, and evident self-denial endured in order to do them good, and if it be proved by facts that men are made worthier members of society, who shall say nay to it all? We know that Providence often uses rough instruments for the accomplishment of its work. John Brown was not a man to suit a polished taste, but who will deny him his place among the heroes of our time and country? There never was a great popular movement, religious or secular, which had not its aspects of extravagance.

Some of the measures of Savonarola for the reformation of Florence were as fantastic as General Booth's for the reformation of the lower classes of England; but who can doubt for a moment the inestimable value of Savonarola's life and work? The early Quakers in their wild enthusiasm went often clear beyond the bounds of decency, but who would wish English history to be without the beauty and purity of Quakerism? John Wesley's early converts, despite all his efforts to the contrary, sank into convulsions or broke out into extravagance of word and action; but these phenomena, which were in their nature transient, passed away; the good remained.

Sober living, well-ordered homes, peaceful dispositions, kindness to neighbors, reconciliation with enemies, take the place of debauchery and riot; the power of a new life comes into benighted souls; the members of the classes usually described as dangerous become good citizens. What judges, jurors, police, and prisons could not effect is effected by the simple proclamation of truth. Who would quarrel with these results, even though the preacher should wear cap and bells? The objectionable features of the Salvation Army are merely superficial; its work, at least in England, speaks for itself. No doubt the methods which have been so successful in England will prove not to be well adapted to the United States; but we may trust General Booth's shrewdness to make the necessary modifications.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THE COURIER-JOURNAL
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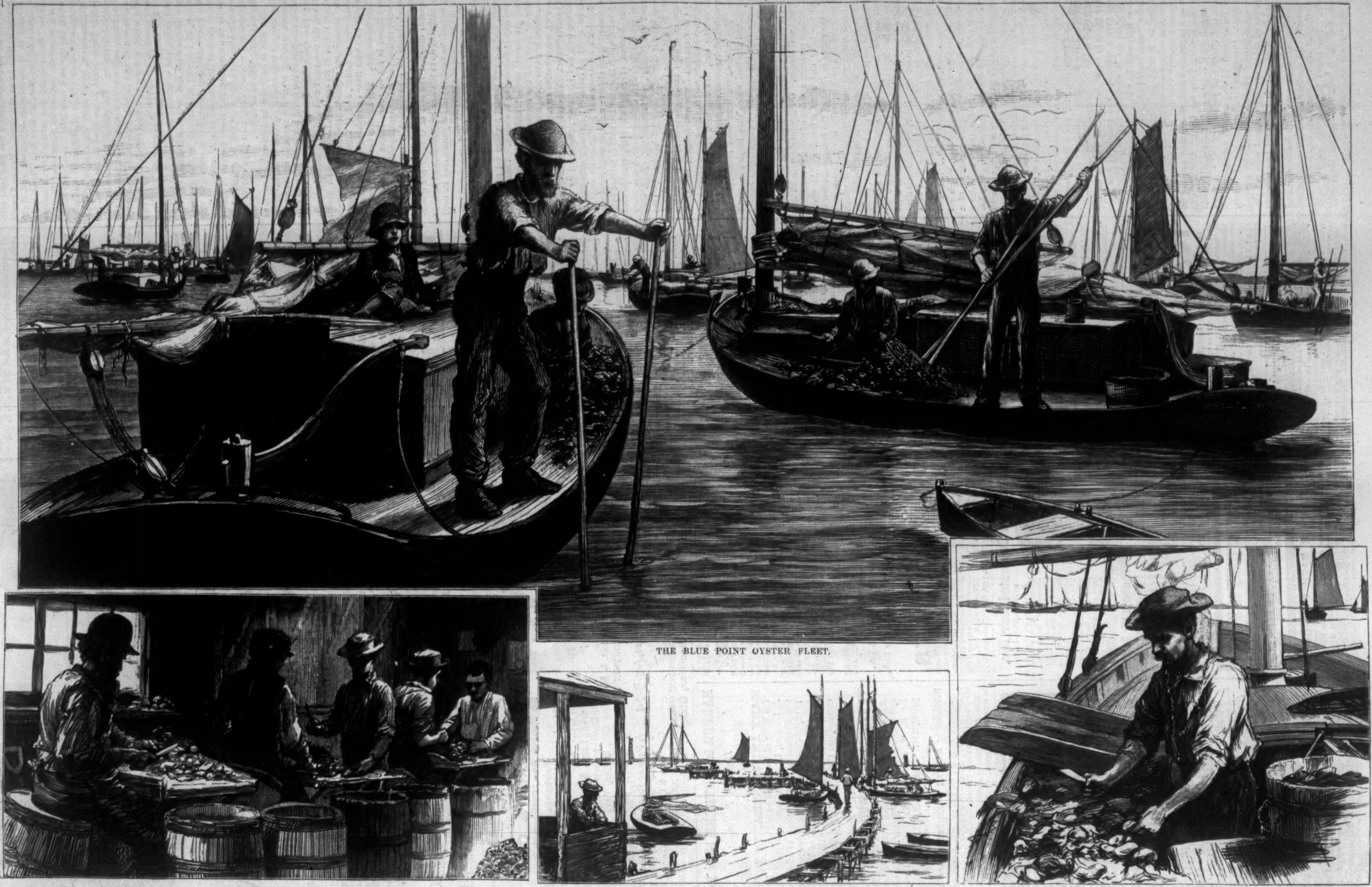
ONLY A *DROP*, AFTER ALL, MY COUNTRYMEN.

PATCHOGUE'S OYSTER FLEET.

The men of Patchogue are famous for getting their living out of the waters. It is said that more of the moss-bunker fishermen come from Patchogue than from anywhere else. Any number of the muscular, clear-eyed young fellows who open oysters so deftly in the New York eating-houses hail from Patchogue. Every Patchogue man is an authority upon the subject of oysters. Great South Bay is carpeted with oysters, and Patchogue is an oyster capital. The town has a great fleet of sail-boats, which perform a dual service. In the summer they are trim and neat, shining with fresh paint, and gayly decorated. But with the coming of September they are transformed into a fleet of oyster-boats. Decks appear upon them, and they assume a rough and fish-like air.

Mr. Dielman's picture affords a view of this very picturesque fleet. The Patchogue oyster-men are at work gathering Blue Points. Blue Point oysters, once upon a time, were oysters that came from a particular place of that name, just as the Saddle Rock oysters once came from Saddle Rock; but nowadays Blue Point oysters are simply small oysters, and Saddle Rocks are merely big ones.

It will be seen that the Patchogue fleet does not appropriate all the picturesqueness of the neighborhood, but that a considerable quantity of it lies with the Patchogue oyster-man. Oyster-man or fisher of blue-fish or fisher of the moss-bunker, the man of Patchogue is a striking person. The following extract from a description by a newspaper reporter will give an idea of the genus. The reporter went down the New Jersey coast on the moss-bunker steamer *Henry Sisson*, whose entire crew were from Patchogue. After a night's run from Barren Island, the crew of the *Sisson* turned out, ready for the moss-bunkers, at sunrise. "They wore flannel coats, scarred and venerable trousers, and boots of all degrees of dilapidation. The effects of recent sound sleep were observable in their shining rugged features, and in their hair, which on every head pointed nine ways for Monday. A rusted tin basin and a huge chunk of powerful yellow soap went the rounds, and after liberal ablution by all hands at the sunny leeward rail, a bell rang below, and the lustrous crew of the *Sisson* tumbled down to breakfast. A dish of steaming brown beans and a platter of smoking johnny-cake emitted pleasant odors. There was cold meat besides, and a mug of hot coffee stood on every plate. The men seated themselves solemnly before this repast, and held their hands in their laps; not a knife or a fork was touched. The reason of this odd restraint was forth-coming. The natures of the Patchogue fishermen are shot with a very noticeable tinge of religion. They do not fish on the Sabbath, lying up invariably on that day at their moorings at Locust Grove, in the bay; and they never omit grace before eating. Engineer Jones pronounced the grace at breakfast. Then the crew of the *Sisson* fell to with zeal, and beans, meat, johnny-cake, and coffee disappeared."



THE BLUE POINT OYSTER FLEET.

"CULLING" IN THE SHOP.

THE MASCOT DOCK, PATCHOGUE.

"CULLING" ON BOARD.

OYSTERING ON LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by F. Dielman.—[See Page 640.]

SEPTEMBER AT LENOX.

With all Berkshire, Lenox has long been celebrated in both prose and verse. **Fanny Kemble** devoted to it mellifluous adjectives, and **Hawthorne** shed his glamour over it in *Tanglewood Tales*. But nothing has secured for it such a claim on public interest as the seal of fashion, which has chosen it for a brief holiday over Stockbridge—loveliest village of the plain—and over Williamstown, lying under the shadow of Graylock. There could be no more fitting arena for elegant diversion. The scenery is ideal in its mild loveliness, and readily amenable to the touches which wealth and fashion give to the landscape, and which a more untamed region would resist and proclaim incongruous.

The village lies poised midway between cliff and valley, and overlooks the beautiful valley of the Housatonic and its placid lakes, with the spires of Lee and Stockbridge in the distance. On every side the slopes which command this view disclose handsome country-seats. Now while the sunshine and fresh breezes of Lenox remain impartial, the view can be estimated in dollars and cents. Thus man pays one of his highest compliments to nature.

But this is only the background. Lenox, as the name is best known, signifies a social organization, meeting after the summer hurly-burly, when the rest of the world has gone back to toiling and spinning. During September and October, the two most enchanting months in Berkshire, it fills in its continued leisure with varied and unremitting gayeties. Some of these are pursued only in Lenox, and if followed elsewhere would lose with their exclusiveness something of their distinction. The kinship between Newport and Lenox is not so near; Lenox revolves on a shorter radius, and is less cosmopolitan. For the same reason its organization is more complete, and its routine more quickly adjusted. The threads dropped the last of October are quickly gathered up in the new September, and no time is lost—if so business-like a phrase may be used of the business of pleasure.

The weekly "at homes" are early announced. They begin on Monday morning at one hospitable house, and are followed in the afternoon at another, and the gay throng pursues its own trail from day to day during the week. These receptions are formal, semi-formal, or informal, as the taste or fancy of the hostess may incline. At one there is to be always heard good music; at another, conversation or some less arduous mode of entertainment. This routine is interrupted by dinners, teas, and luncheons, prompted by some special mood or incident; morning concerts, in which both amateurs and professionals engage, for some worthy object; and the usual subscription balls, which this year are held in private ballrooms instead of Sedgwick Hall, transformed from the old Berkshire County Court-house when Lenox was judicial, not fashionable. Each year some special diversion distinguishes itself. One year it is private theatricals; last year it was a dance in a barn made glorious with pumpkins and other autumn fruits and foliage; this year, progressive euchre, which, rising somewhere near the setting sun, has captured stronghold after stronghold from other amusements, ravages Lenox. The prizes have been both beautiful and costly, and the zeal which they inspire seems to intimate that the success of progressive euchre seems to lie in our national taste for acquisition.

But the taste of Lenox is for out-of-door life. This is not of a robust character, but it is pleasing and well chosen. On any bright autumn day the village presents a series of pictures changing with the hour and alike attractive. At mail-time the space in front of the little post-office is as brilliant as a parade, with blood horses and all those many and varied equipages of which fashion approves, while from the hotel, which appropriately preserves a touch of rusticity, come forth on the same intent gayly dressed groups from the late breakfast—for Lenox hours are not country hours—and the cheerful hum as of a reception rises in the air. Later, men in tennis flannels, racket in hand, saunter under the elms with young women alike equipped, and here and there on the green lawns are groups at play. The Lenox Club gives an annual tournament, which attracts the professional amateurs, and makes of it a week of festivity, while the ladies organize a modest competition among themselves. The Ladies' Archery Club meets once a week, and with its targets, archeresses, and lively groups dotting lawn and clustering on balconies, affords the prettiest rally of youth, beauty, and fashion in Lenox.

The "tub parade" is the last touch of distinction that the feminine contingent gives to Lenox. This, as the term implies, is an importation of three years' date from England, and a pretty enough picture to have warranted thirty per cent. duty. The "tub" is the village cart, which exists under every guise in Lenox, and whose whip is for the most part a woman. The parade of this year took place on Wednesday, the 22d. The meet was at Sedgwick Hall at four o'clock, and thither they came, each transformed and often half hidden in flowers, foliage, and ribbons, with horses and drivers alike bedecked. The conceits were very pretty. One was wreathed with golden-rod and purple asters, with yellow and purple ribbons floating from the whip. Another was garlanded with cedars and studded with bouquets and ribbons of yellow and red. A third was embowered in ferns, white asters, and hydrangeas. Others were embanked in hydrangeas, and again in maple leaves mingled with flowers. Sheaves of dried grasses fastened with red ribbons adorned another, in which sat two ladies in brilliant red costumes. On one the horse bore the burden of adornment, with collar wreathed in flowers. On another the wheels were defined in white and scarlet geraniums, flashing as they rolled. The pretty pageant was quickly over, but it was worth bringing together the village and country-side that witnessed it.

Mr. Walter Satterlee's well-known class in oil and water-color painting will open October 4th. For all information, address 52 East 23d St., N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

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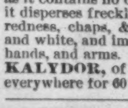

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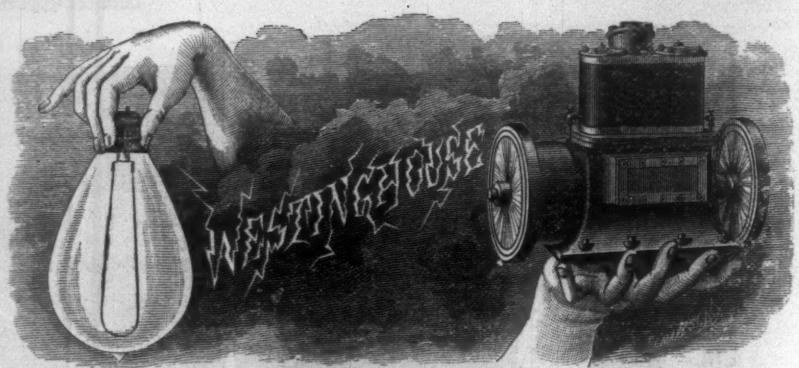

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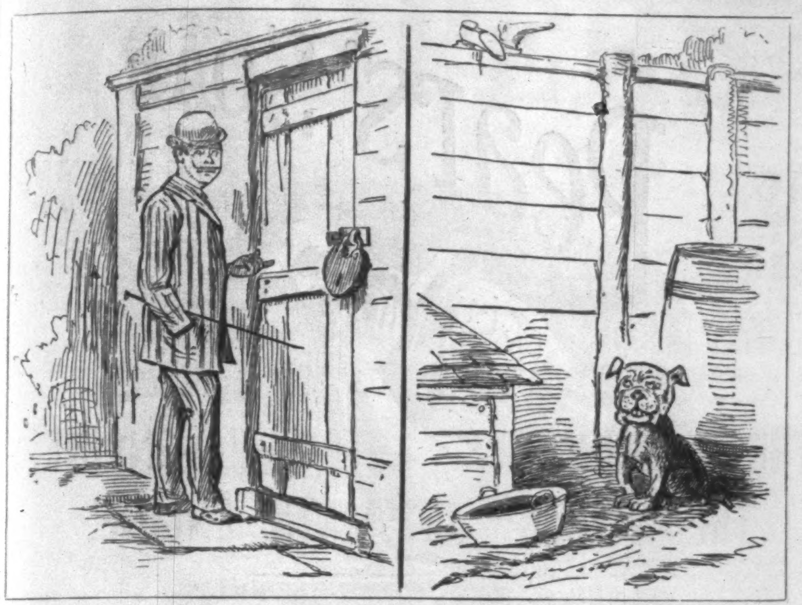

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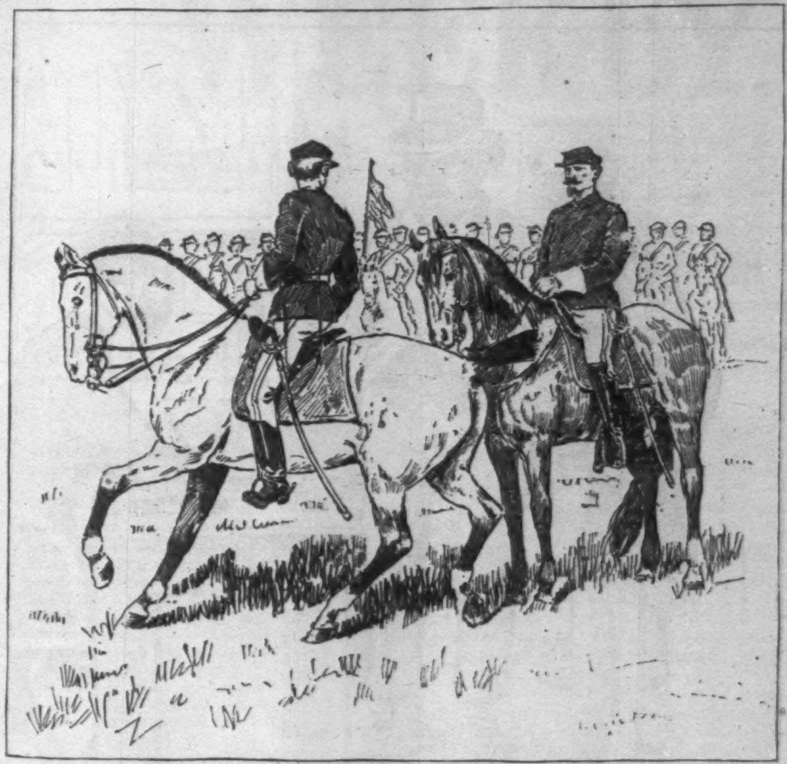

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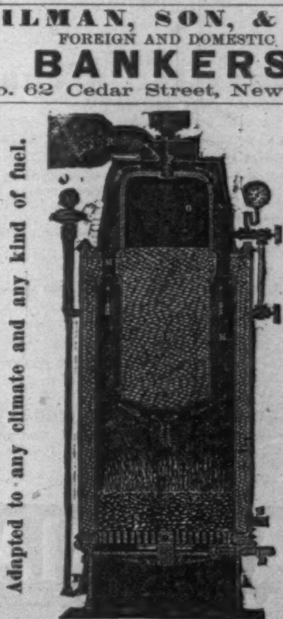

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